THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, AND SPIRIT.

For JANUARY, 1802.

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[Embellished with an Engraving of—HYALE, by Mr. SARTORIOUS; and an Etching of a COURSING ADVENTURE, by Mr. HOWITT.]

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall-Mall, opposite St. James's Palace; J. BOOTH, Duke Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. Justins, Printer, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

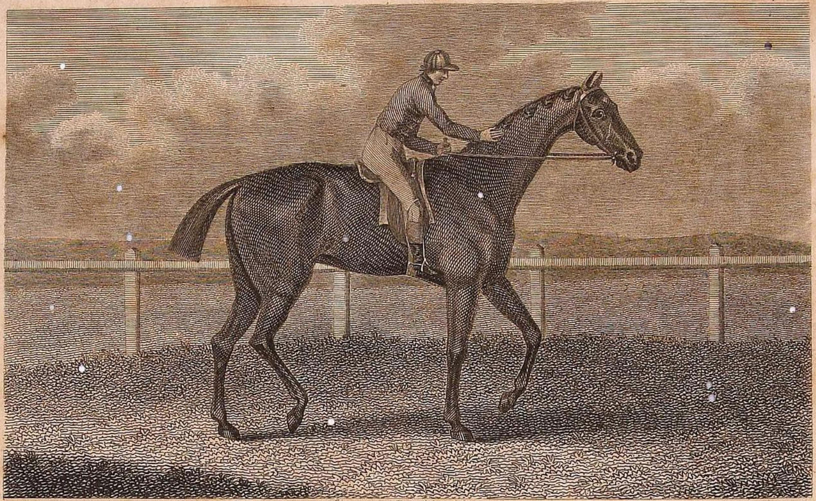
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Correspondent who sent us the large packet from the Country, is informed, that not having taken the necessary precaution of writing on one side of the paper only, half his communications are rendered useless.

The account of the ancient spectable and procession in the City, for burning the Pope in effigy, translated from the Italian, has been mislaid, but shall appear in our next; with sarcastical advice to travellers in France and Italy.

J. J. E. from Liverpool is received; his specimen of Nautical Orthography shall appear in our Chronicle of Eccentricities for the next Number.

Philo-Antiquis may be assured, that Sir J. Harrington's Treatise on Play is not forgotten. At the same time his sportive Sketch of an Antiquarian shall be inserted the first opportunity.



C. Tomson of Nottingham del.

Hyale.

Pub. Feb. 1. 1802 by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE,

FOR JANUARY, 1802.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE I.

HYALE,

By Phenomina; her Dam, Rally, by Trumpator.

[*An Engraving from the Design of Mr.* CLIFTON THOMSON, *of Nottingham.*]

HYALE may be considered as a companion to Sir Solomon; as great dependencies were between her and Sir Solomon, for the Gold Cup, at Nottingham, 1801; but, where she unfortunately broke down in running, the bets were eleven to ten against Sir Solomon, and thirteen to eight against the mare: she is the property of Sitwell Sitwell, Esq. M. P.

A WHIMSICAL RENCONTRE

HAS lately occurred at Paris, between a Military Man and an Apothecary. The Soldier insisted upon satisfaction from his adversary, and appointed a meeting next morning in the Bois de Boulogne. The next morning the Apothecary waited upon his antagonist before the hour appointed, and said to him, with great coolness, " You are a military, I am a medical, man—You understand the use of the sword and pistol—I am only acquainted with drugs. You are the challenger, therefore I have a right to choose my weapon. Here are *two pills*—one is poisoned, the other is not. Do you choose one, and swallow it, and I will swallow the other." The Officer laughed very heartily at this proposition, and they sat down to breakfast together very good friends.

BETTING.—END OF JAN. 1802.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

THE present betting at Tattersall's, and other public places, is as follows:

MONDAY.—Sir H. T. Vane's Rolla, 8st. 2lb. against Lord Sackville's Tag, 8st. across the Flat, 1000gs. h. ft. 2 to 1 on Rolla.

TUESDAY.—First Class of the Oatlands, three against the field, viz. Lignum-Vitæ, Penelope, and Marianne.

WEDNESDAY.—Second Class, three against the field, viz. Sorcerer, Dick Andrews, and Hornby Lass.—7 to 2 was taken, that Dick Andrews won the second Class, p. p.

THURSDAY.—Sir F. Standish's Eagle, 8st. 3lb. against Sir H. T. Vane's Rolla, 8st. across the Flat, 300gs. h. ft. 7 to 4 on Eagle.

FIRST SPRING MEETING.

MONDAY.—Mr. Fletcher's Allegranti, 8st. 5lb. against Mr. Wilson's Sophia, 8st. 2lb. B. C. 1000gs. p. p. 6 to 5 on Allegranti. —For the Sweepstakes of 100gs. each. Anniseed the favourite.

WEDNESDAY.—For the Sweepstakes of 100gs each, Quiz the favourite.

EPSOM.—For the Derby, 45 to 20, p. p. against Mr. Wilson's br. colt, by Young Eclipse, dam by Highflyer, out of Elm's dam.—For the Oaks, 3 to 1 against Sir C. Bunbury's Julia, sister to Eleanor, by Whiskey.

YORK SPRING MEETING.—Lord Darlington's Champion, 7st. 13lb. against Mr. Fletcher's Leith, 7st. 7lb. two miles, 1000gs. p. p. Even betting.

 ESSEX

ESSEX COURSING.

BRADWELL AND TILLINGHAM, SECOND MEETING, 1802.

RETURN OF THE SPORT UPON TILLINGHAM LEVEL.

WON.	WEDNESDAY, JAN. 20.	LOST.
1. Mr. P. Wright's *Billington*,	agst -	Mr. Evans's *Rodney*.
2. Mr. B. Dudley's *Terling*,	- -	Mr. P. Wright's *Escape*.
3. Mr. Pattison's *Reaper*,	- -	Mr. P. Wright's *Wonder*.
4. Mr. Wakefield's *Defoe*,	- -	Mr. Wise's *Twink*.
5. Mr. Wakefield's *Mistress*,	- -	Mr. Bawtree's *Blackstrap*.
6. Mr. J. Wright's *Horror*,	- -	Mr. J. Bawtree's *Tinker*.
*7. Mr. Shuckburgh's *Rake*,	- -	Mr. Pattison's *Twist*.
8. Mr. Dudley's *Friday*,	- - -	Mr. Dudley's *Miss*
9. Mr. Shuckburgh's *Spite*,	- -	Mr. P. Wright's *Snowball*.
10. Mr. J. Wright's *Telegraph*,	- -	Mr. Johnson's Bitch.
11. Mr. Dudley's *Madam*,	- - -	Mr. Bawtree's *Blackstrap*.

* This, their second course, not being decided by the Judges, was won by a toss, in favour of *Rake*

THURSDAY, JAN. 21.

The winners of the matches at the last Bradwell Meeting, and those of yesterday at Tillingham, (twenty-one in number) were, by lot, reduced to sixteen, to be run down to a brace, for the Club Cup and Silver Couplings; and four out of the remaining five were drawn, to run for an extra Purse, given by the Club, the odd one not drawn being excluded.

WON.	FOR THE CUP AND COUPLINGS.	LOST
1. Mr. Dudley's *Madam*,	*against* -	Mr. P. Wright's *Billington*.
2. Mr. Dudley's *Miss*,	- - -	Mr. Dudley's *Merlin*.
3. Mr. Dudley's *Friday*,	- - -	Mr. Williams's *Primrose*.
4. Mr Williams's *Pigmy*,	- -	Mr. Wakefield's *Mistress*.
5. Mr. J. Wright's *Horror*,	- -	Mr. Shuckburgh's *Spite*.
6. Mr. Wakefield's *Defoe*,	- -	Mr. Bawtree's *Soot*.
7. Mr. Cawston's *Shift*,	- - -	Mr. Shuckburgh's *Rake*.
8. Mr. Wise's *Chree*,	- - -	Mr. Dudley's *Terling*.

The Winners being thus reduced to four brace, then ran as follows:—

WON.		LOST.
1. Mr. Dudley's *Friday*,	*against* -	Mr. Dudley's *Madam*.
2. Mr. Cawston's *Shift*,	- - -	Mr. Wise's *Chree*.
3. Mr. Dudley's *Miss*,	- - -	Mr. J. Wright's *Horror*.
4. Mr. Williams's *Pigmy*,	- - -	Mr. Wakefield's *Defoe*.

WON.	These were run down to two brace:—	LOST.
1. Mr. Dudley's *Friday*,	*against* -	Mr. Dudley's *Miss*,
2. Mr. Cawston's *Shift*,	- - -	Mr. Williams's *Pigmy*

The final contest in the last course, was then:—

WON.		LOST.
1. Mr. Dudley's *Friday*,	*against* -	Mr. Cawston's *Shift*.

On which the Cup was adjudged to *Friday*; and the Silver Couplings given to *Shift*, as the second best.

WON.	THE CLUB EXTRA PURSE.	LOST.
1. Mr. Evans's *Wasp*,	- - -	Mr. Bawtree's *Duncan*.

Mr. Pattison's *Reaper*, and Mr. Bawtree's *Tinker*, being drawn, the Purse was adjudged to *Wasp*.——The hares were stout, but afforded great sport, particularly the last day, on which the courses in general were very severely contested.

TRAVELLING MATCH AGAINST TIME.

THE gentleman well known for his sporting celebrity in Lord Monson's hunt, and who has made the bet of 2000 guineas, that he will *travel*, which he may do either in a carriage or on horseback, from Barton to London, or London to Barton, a distance of one hundred and seventy-one miles, in twelve successive hours, is, we understand, as well calculated to perform such a journey as almost any man in England: though he now rides more than fifteen stone and a half, he will have no difficulty in reducing himself to ride less than fourteen stone. He has till very lately (owing to an accidental lameness) been in the habit of hunting two and three days a week with one of the fleetest and best packs of fox hounds in Lincolnshire; and has, from his great exertion and skill in riding, been present at the death of as many foxes as any man in the hunt; and though he has been known to go on horseback for fifteen and sixteen hours a day in pursuit of the diversion, he is a stranger to fatigue. He purposes to ride his match about the beginning of April; and he has already received offers from his numerous friends of more horses than he will want to perform his journey. The betting at first was very trifling, the odds being only two to one in his favour; they will no doubt increase as the time approaches for his starting. The gentleman who has betted against him is himself a sportsman, and a person of considerable property in the East Riding of Yorkshire; and what is a little extraordinary, has made another bet of several hundred guineas, that he will find a person to perform the same journey in the same space of time. The former, however, is to perform his own match within six months, and is to give four days notice of the time he chuses.

ACCOUNT OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RURAL SPORTS, Vol. I.

By W. B. DANIEL.

(Continued from page 112 of our last)

Delectando pariterque monendo seeming to be the motto which the ingenious author has adopted in his preface, we can add from a view of his work, that never was instruction and delight more happily blended; but as it is probable that a more clear and summary view of his object cannot be better given than in his own words, we thus borrow a part of his preface.

"FRANKLY acknowledging that a large portion of the contents of the present Volumes is compiled from various publications; it can safely be asserted, that the fresh matter is considerable, and that the whole is arranged in a novel and distinct System. As the Statutes and decided Cases relating to Game are so intimately connected with the nature and subject of the present Work, it occurred, that to select and class them, and thereby to give them all the advantage which they could derive from a clear and methodical arrangement, might be useful to those who are led by circumstances to the investigation of minute points, and that the inconvenience would be remedied which has often been complained of, that these Laws and Cases are so dispersed, and lie so confusedly, as to elude research at the moment in which their authority and information may be required. All gentlemen do not possess an extensive Library, and those who do, may deem

deem it an accommodation to find at one view, what they may immediately want or wish to know upon a particular subject. In this attempt, the Compiler has kept in mind that, 'each succeeding day is the scholar of that which preceded.' He has accordingly availed himself of the most recent Lessons, and has selected from the best authorities. His first wish is, that his endeavour may be approved by those, for whose use this collection is more peculiarly intended; into every work treating upon a variety of topics, errors and imperfections will find their way; in the present, the Writer fears he cannot felicitate himself on having wholly escaped them; he hopes, however, that should any be found, they will not be of importance, and that those who have the sagacity to discover, will have the candour to forgive them."

[For a specimen of Mr. Daniel's stile and manner, see the Ectract in page 187 of the present Number.—In our next, as being more applicable to Sportsmen, we shall present our readers with his History of Ancient and Modern Coursing.]

A VOYAGE TO BOTANY BAY,

With a Description of the Country, Manners, Customs, Religion, &c. of the Natives, by the celebrated

GEORGE BARRINGTON.

To which is added his LIFE and TRIAL.

Sold by H. D. Symonds.

[This little entertaining, but most copious volume, possesses all the *benefit* without the *bulk* of the larger works that have appeared by Collins and Governor Philips; exclusive of all the additional matter which has passed under the immediate notice of the Author, the former shades of whose character seem to have been quite forgotten, and lost, in the useful and intelligent member of society in that distant quarter of the world. In this agreeable and entertaining volume, there is much to amuse both the Philosopher and the Philanthrophist. The amusement is rational, and supported by facts, and is well calculated for a fireside companion. Our readers in particular, will be much gratified in the many adventures in those hitherto unexplored regions, in which the Author has taken a part. As a specimen of his stile and manner, we this month present our readers with his account of the mode in which the Oppossum, Kangaroo, Rat, Squirrel, &c. are taken by the Natives.]

"MOST of the large trees are hollow, by decaying at the heart; and when the opossum, kangaroo, rat, squirrel, and various other animals, which inhabit the woods, are pursued, they commonly take shelter in these trees. In order, therefore, to make sure of them, wherein they seldom fail, when they find them in the tree, one man climbs to the top, which is performed with wonderful dexterity, in the following manner:—they cut notches in the bark about an inch deep, which is a kind of rest for the ball of the great toe; the two first notches are cut before theybegin to climb, the rest as they ascend, at such distances from each other, that, when both feet are in the notches, the right is raised nearly as high as the middle of the left thigh; when they are raising themselves the hatchet is held in their mouths, that they may have the use of both their hands; and when making the notch, the body rests on the ball of the great toe; the fingers of the left hand are also placed in a notch, cut on the side of the tree, should it be too large to admit their clasping it sufficiently with the left arm to keep their body firm and close to it. In this manner they ascend, with wonderful agility, trees fifteen or twenty feet in circumference, sometimes sixty or seventy feet before they come to a single branch.

"Being arrived at the top, or the place he judges the most convenient,

venient, he takes his seat, with his club or stick in his hand; another person below makes a fire, and fills the hollow trunk with smoke, which obliges the animal to attempt its escape, either upwards or downwards; but whichever way it takes, it is almost certain of destruction, as they very seldom escape. In this manner they employ themselves, and get a livelihood in the woods. They, sometimes, when many of them are hunting together, set fire to the country for several miles in extent; this is for the purpose of disturbing such animals as may be within the circle of the conflagration: thus the affrighted animals, confounded, singed, and half smothered, fall an easy prey to their persevering and sanguinary adversaries.

"These fires, it is supposed, are sometimes intended to clear that part of the country through which they have occasion to travel, of the briars and thorns, from which, being naked, they suffer great inconvenience. The fires which are frequently seen in the summer time, account also for an appearance which very much puzzled the first settlers; this was, that more than two thirds of the trees in the woods were very much scorched with fire; some were burnt quite black to the very top; the cause of this occasioned great difference of opinion, but it is now evident that it was occasioned by the fires which the natives so frequently make, and which often reach the highest branches of the trees. I at first conjectured it to be the effect of lightning; but, upon examining farther, it appeared too general to have been caused by such an accident.

"Opossums are very numerous here; they partake a good deal of the Kangaroo, in the strength of their tail, and make of its fore legs, which are very short in proportion to the hinder ones; like that animal, it is provided with a false belly for the safety of its young in time of danger; and its colour very much resembles that of the common English Rat; it is of the size of a small cat, and very inoffensive. There are a variety of other animals of different sizes, from the opossum down to our implacable enemy, the field rat, all of which in some shape or other, partake of the kangaroo and opossum. I have caught several rats with their pouch full of young ones, formed exactly in their legs, claws, and tail, as the above animals. One would almost conclude from the great resemblance of the different quadrupeds found here, that there is a promiscuous intercourse between the different sexes of all those various animals. This strange similarity does not attach solely to quadrupeds, for the finny inhabitants of the sea are in the same predicament, their variety is truly astonishing; most of them partake in some degree of the shark, and it is no uncommon thing to see the head and shoulders of a skait to the hind part of a shark, or a shark's head to the body of a large mullet; and what is more astonishing, sometimes to the flat body of a sting ray, or holibet.

"Nature seems equally playful in the feathered tribe: the parrot is the most common. I have shot several, with the head, neck, and bill of the parrot, and with the same beautiful plumage on those parts for which that bird here is distinguished; a tail and body of a different make and colour, with long delicate feet and legs, which is quite the reverse of the parrot kind. There is also a bird with the

the feet and legs of a parrot, whose head, neck, make, and colour, are like the common sea-gull, with the wings and tail of the hawk. Neither is this confined to the animal creation; for here are trees bearing three different sorts of leaves; others bearing the leaf of the gum-tree, with the gum exuding from it, and covered with bark of a very different kind."

THE PICTURE OF PETERSBURGH,

From the German of

HENRY STORCH.

Longman and Rees.

This Translation, we understand, is from the pen of the Rev. W. Tooke, F. R. S. many years a Resident in that City.—Among his many labours in Literature; viz. View of the Russian Empire; History of Russia; Life of Catharine; Secret Memoirs, &c. which render us perfectly acquainted with the politics and manners of the North, from the best sources of information, this view of Petersburgh is by no means the least, as it affords a broad field of amusement and instruction to the moralist and the man of the world.—Any encomium upon the execution of this Work, where a specimen is given, would be superfluous; but, as the author has gone very largely into the exercises and amusements of the Russians, the following Extract will, doubtless, furnish our readers with much genuine information and amusement.

"THE Games in practice with the common people, for recreation and amusement, are all extremely simple; generally requiring only exertion and agility. In their invention they are entirely national; the populace of the town, notwithstanding their long acquaintance with foreigners, having never yet learnt to mingle any foreign manners with their pastimes. The more diversified these are, the less do they belong to the plan of this book, the aim of which cannot be to describe the nation at large. I shall therefore only take notice of some of their most usual games, which must strike every foreigner during his stay in the residence.

"In all the streets, especially in winter, nothing is more common than to see men or boys wrestling or boxing. This is merely a diversion, being seldom or never the effect of anger or quarrels, but usually engaged in from a good-humoured challenge, probably, likewise, in winter, for the sake of warming themselves, and therefore is totally different from this practice in England. The combatants standing close together, each strikes his adversary either with the flat of his hand or double fist, at the same time striving to trip up his heels and give him a fall. When this is done the victory is decided, and the battle terminates, amidst shouts of laughter from the bye-standers.

"Not less general is the game of Foot-ball, particularly among the Ivoschtschiks plying with their sledges at their stands in the streets during the winter. A large ball, stuffed with feathers, is kicked about; and he who succeeds in catching it, or picking it up with his hands, in spite of the kicks and cuffs of his play-mates, carries off the prize, of nuts or money.

"Chess and Drafts are likewise very common with the Russian populace. In the large squares, or under the arcades of the shops, people of the lowest classes are every day seen amusing themselves at these games, and many of them in a masterly way.—Not so general is the Throwing at the Ring; which consists in the art of throwing a sharp-pointed iron spike with an enormously heavy head, holding it by the spike, with a jerk, in such manner as to stick it in the ground through a small iron ring.

[*To be continued.*]

CRIM.

Crim. Con.

JACKSON v. LORD VISCOUNT MILSINGTOWN.

ON Saturday, January 9, 1802, a Jury was impannelled, by the Sheriffs, in order to assess the damages in the above cause, where judgment was suffered to go by default. The damages were laid at 10,000l.

Mr. Serjeant Best addressed the Jury on the part of the plaintiff, informing them that it was an action to recover compensation in damages from the defendant, for having alienated the affections of the plaintiff's wife, deprived him of the comforts of her society, and induced her to elope and live with him in adultery, which she still continued to do. The elopement took place on the 4th of August last. Unfortunately, in these corrupt and profligate days, cases of this kind occurred so frequently, that he should be going over a very hacknied subject, were he to attempt pressing upon them a due sense of the heinous nature of such a trespass upon the peace of a husband, or to aggravate it by representing the disgrace which such misconduct reflected on the children, and the uneasiness which it could not fail of spreading through all the branches of a family. These circumstances came home to the breasts of all men of every description, for which reason, and considering the very respectable Gentlemen I have now the honour of addressing, I may, with the greatest safety, leave that part of the subject to their own feelings. He was prepared to lay before them, and support by evidence, a case, than which none was ever brought before a Court of Justice more entitled to at least pecuniary damages; for as to compensation, taking that word in its true import, it was evident that nothing could compensate a man for such an injury to his happiness. It was true, indeed, that the crime (for such offences were really crimes) did not come aggravated by those circumstances which sometimes occurred, such as betraying the confidence of a friend, and making that a conveyance to the affections of his wife; but there were some aggravating circumstances which would merit the attention of the Jury. His client did not call upon them for those exemplary and vindictive damages meant to operate as a punishment on the offending party; but he should look to them for a retribution at least for the losses he had sustained. The learned counsel then proceeded to explain the nature of the case. The plaintiff, Mr. Henry Jackson, was a gentleman in the profession of the law, very eminent in that line, and nephew to a late distinguished Baronet (Sir Wm. Middleton), and of most respectable family connections. The defendant, Lord Viscount Milsingtown, was the eldest son of the wealthy Earl of Portmore. The unfortunate lady, the object of his seduction, was grand-daughter to a most respectable Baronet in Kent (Sir C. Bishop), and niece to Sir Geo. Warren; her father was at this time a Colonel in the army. They would have in evidence, that this lady was, by blood, connected with many of the first and most respectable families in the kingdom. At the age of twenty-two, when married to Mr. Jackson, on the 26th of September, 1791, she was shining in beauty and accomplishments, and adorned with every virtue; she was, in fact, a person of that description, that the selection of such a woman for a wife must do honour to the prudence and taste of

of any man. The husband and wife, it would be shewn, lived together in the most perfect love and harmony. In the year 1793, Mr. Jackson had the misfortune to be afflicted with a paralytic stroke, which made it necessary for him to suspend all application to business, and retire to the country, for the purpose of strengthening his health. He took apartments in Sunbury, where Mrs. Jackson attended on him with all that care, attention, and anxiety, that could have been shewn by the most assiduous and affectionate of wives. Their mutual harmony continued down to July 1799, when Mrs. Jackson went to Sporrengton, in Sussex, on a visit to her father (Colonel Bishop), and mother. Sir George and Lady Warren, being then at Brighton, invited Major and Mrs. Vince (sister to Mrs. Jackson), and three other unmarried sisters, to pass the race week with them; and shortly afterwards they were joined by Colonel Bishop; and Mrs. Jackson, and her sisters, were invited by Lady Charles Somerset to a ball and supper, which commenced the acquaintance between Mrs. Jackson and Lord Milsingtown, who was introduced to her by Sir G. Warren. His Lordship selected Mrs. Jackson for his partner, and it was remarked that he paid her very particular attention; but she came up to London a few days afterwards. In the summer following, the same ladies were on a visit to Mrs. Middleton, sister to Sir Wm Middleton, and uncle to the plaintiff, at Eton; and it happening that the Ascot Races took place at that time, they made a party to it, and were joined by Lord M. who was afterwards introduced to Mrs. Middleton, at her house, both by Mrs. Jackson and Miss Bishop, as a suitor of the latter young lady. Mr. Jackson going down, in a day or two afterwards, a similar introduction took place between him and Lord M. There ensued several water parties on the river, and things seemed so far drawing to a conclusion, that Mr. J. willing to promote so advantageous a match with a nobleman of Lord M.'s rank and fortune, (which consideration was frequently pressed upon him by his lady) and being solicited to do so by Miss Bishop herself, gave his Lordship an invitation to his house, which the latter accepted, and continued his visits there, all the summer of 1800, still appearing to direct his attentions to Miss Bishop. In consequence of the frequent reports of the intended marriage, Lord Milsingtown, with Mr. and Mrs. J. and Miss Bishop, were invited, and paid visits to Colonel Bishop, their father, and several other persons. At length Mr. J. finding that his Lordship made no proposals, and having suspicion of his illicit intentions, communicated to his wife his design to break off with, and inform him that his visits must be discontinued. The lady wished to dissuade him from doing so under different pretences, and even quarrelled with him on the subject; but he persisted in his determination, and left it to Mrs. J. to inform Lord Milsingtown of it in what manner she pleased. The communication being made, the plaintiff's eyes were soon opened, to his surprise and mortification, by the elopement of his wife in a few days afterwards. In one of Mrs. J.'s drawers he found, upon search, a letter, which left no further doubt of what had taken place. The letter, as well as we can recollect, in words, was very nearly as follows:—

"I hope most earnestly very soon to see that my beloved Harriet was not the worse for the expedition

pedition of yesterday. I wished very much to have called this morning, to have inquired after her, but thought if I did, I should not have the pleasure of passing the evening with the only woman in the world that I have the smallest attachment to, an attachment so strong and fixed, that nothing in the world can alter. I never can be happy till we live together, with that dear little angel that so resembles the figure of its dearest mother; it makes me quite miserable, the thoughts of leaving town; I cannot bear to be separated from you, my love; I hope it will not be the case; I am sure we could be happy together, and my only study the happiness of you, my adored Harriet, and the welfare of your children. Pray, my love, let me see you to-morrow if it is in your power. I wish *very, very* much, that we may meet to fix when we shall meet not to part again. Perhaps you will not have an opportunity of reading this before I am obliged to leave you, therefore I will be in Hart-street, at the usual place, at twelve o'clock to-morrow; pray come as soon after as you can; and believe me most sincerely, affectionately, and faithfully, your's ever, M."

Thus then did it appear, that Mr. J. had only anticipated the design which Lord M. was meditating, while he displayed the greatest art and deepest knowledge of the human heart, by making his court to the mother, by a display of fondness, whether real or affected, for her darling infant. The jury would therefore judge of the nature of the injury, when they consider of the fond attachment of the unfortunate lady to her husband, previous to her acquaintance with a noble Lord, whose superior advantages of title, rank, wealth, and uncommon accomplishments, could alone have succeeded in alienating her affections. The gentlemen on the other side, may ask why he did not bring Miss Bishop forward to prove any part of the case? His reply was, that she being the sister of the fallen lady, and having been the pretended object of Lord M.'s addresses, his client would sooner forego all the advantage he could derive from her evidence, or even forego all damages whatever, than commit such an outrage upon the delicacy of the young lady, and the feelings of her family.

Mrs. Osborne proved, that in 1794, the plaintiff and his wife took lodgings at her house, at Sunbury, kept one maid-servant, and resided there four months. She never observed in any wife a greater degree of affectionate attention, or a more correct deportment. In several visits which she since made at their house in London, she could observe nothing between them but mutual love and happiness.

On her cross-examination, she said, she knew of no other visitor Mrs. J. had at Sunbury, but a lady of the name of Brooke, with whom she appeared to be very intimate

Mr. Lawbert Middleton said, he was nephew to Sir William Middleton, and first cousin to the plaintiff, between whom, and his wife, he always saw the most perfect harmony and affection prevail. He was a frequent visitor, at their house, ever since their marriage, and of late was accustomed to meet the defendant there, whom he considered as a suitor to Miss Bishop, to whom he always paid most particular attention.

On his cross-examination he said, he observed these attentions when there were younger ladies in company; as for instance, the witness's

ness's sister. He acknowledged, however, that he never heard Lord M. make any declaration of that kind, nor did he say a word to him on the subject one night that they went home together, in a coach, from Mr. J.'s house. He was present when Mrs. J. was visited by Sir G. Warren and several other of her relations, and never before heard of any thing blameable in her conduct.

Mrs. Middleton, mother of the above witness, deposed that she was aunt to the plaintiff; she seldom came to town, but when she did, she called at his house three or four times. In the two last summers, Mrs. Jackson and her sister, Miss Bishop, visited at her house, at Eaton, and in the first of these visits, in going to the Ascot-Heath Races, were accosted by Lord M. with equal politeness to all. She saw nothing particular in his address; and if it was more directed towards Miss Bishop than any other, it might be ascribed to her being the youngest present, and a single lady. His lordship was polite and attentive to them all, supplying them with sandwiches, and such refreshments as they wanted; in consequence of which, she invited him to sup at her house, which invitation he accepted. She, however, supposed him to be a suitor to Miss Bishop, or she would not have asked him; and on asking that lady whether it was so or not, she smiled, and neither affirmed, nor denied it. There was nothing particular in this lady's evidence, respecting the visit last summer, when Mr. Jackson himself was of the party. She was not present, when Mrs. J. introduced her husband to Lord M. or, if she was, had taken no notice of it. On the question being asked, she said that Mrs. Jackson was a very pretty, fascinating woman.

A daughter of the foregoing lady said, that she had been upon frequent visits at Mr. Jackson's, sometimes for a week, and sometimes for a month together. She never observed any thing improper in the conduct of Mrs. Jackson, or she should not have staid there. During her last visit, she saw Lord M. frequently at the house, and observed, that he paid particular attention to Miss Bishop, but never heard of his making any declaration, though she always understood him to be that lady's suitor. They kept two maid-servants and a footman; were visited by Mrs. Vince, sister to Mrs. J. and also by several other female relations.—She had dined at Sir G. and Lady Warren's, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Jackson.

The letter from Lord M. found in one of Mrs. Jackson's drawers, was then put in and read.

The Inspector of Franks at the Post-Office, was then called, to prove the letter to be Lord Milsingtown's hand-writing, but Mr. Dallas took an objection, that the witness having never seen his lordship write, nor held any correspondence with him, was incompetent to the proof: the objection was admitted.

His lordship's solicitor was next called upon, and here again it was objected, that the witness never saw Lord M. write, and that his confidential communications with his agents should not be suffered to operate against him. But the objection was overruled, on the ground that this evidence could betray no part of the confidence reposed in their correspondence.

He deposed, that he believed the letter to be in his lordship's hand-writing.

Here the evidence was closed.

Mr. Dallas then addressed the Jury,

Jury, and said, it was not in return for any compliment paid him by his learned friend, that he now declared that gentleman to have exerted the utmost ability in the conduct of this cause. By ability, he did not mean merely that display of eloquence which may be described as *painting* in words, but a niceness of discrimination, and a dexterity of judgment in selecting those points of evidence, which might make most for his purpose, and withholding others that would operate unfavourably, thereby making the case appear quite different from what it really was. But notwithstanding all this, he would undertake, in a very few observations, to prove that this, of all the cases that ever came before any tribunal, was that in which the smallest damages ought to be given. In the first place, he must observe, that if the law gave a husband certain rights, it also imposed upon him certain duties, which, if he neglected to perform, his rights were forfeited. This subject was to be considered in two points of view—1st. Whether the husband was privy, and consenting to the seduction of his wife? in which case, he quoted, amongst others, the authority of Lord Kenyon, to shew that such a man was not capable even to maintain an action, for the law allowed him none. The 2d point was, where the husband was wanting in his duty, either by being defective in precaution in guarding his wife from danger, and affording her protection, or by treating her with such neglect, as might expose her to temptation? in either of which cases, though the plaintiff might be entitled to damages, yet they would be diminished in proportion to the circumstances, which may be disclosed in evidence to a Jury: for the man who applies for redress to a Court of Justice, must come before it with clean hands. He did not excuse nor palliate the offence of Lord M. but standing as he did with the guilt of adultery upon his head, he might, in the case first alluded to, have pleaded not guilty, and have put upon the record that which in law would amount to a complete defence. It could not therefore be supposed, that in any observations he should make, he meant to impute to Mr. Jackson that he connived at, or knew of, this illicit conduct; and Lord Milsingtown himself admitted it, in suffering judgment to go by default; but, on the other hand, if he was guilty of negligence or inattention, that circumstance must weigh materially in mitigation of damages. The question therefore is, whether he has conducted himself as a discreet, prudent, and attentive husband, and whether by your verdict, after hearing all the circumstances, your own characters and consciences will allow you to proclaim such an opinion to the world? The learned Serjeant has endeavoured strongly to impress you with the deep artifices and dissimulation of my client. But I fancy he will find some difficulty to persuade you, that with all such knowledge of the world which is ascribed to him, he would venture to practise such artifices on an attorney, or that an attorney was likely to become the dupe of so young a nobleman. He could not well be accused of meaning any thing disrespectful of the profession to which he had the honour to belong, when he observed that the occupation of an attorney was peculiarly calculated to render men conversant with the manners of life, clear-sighted, observing, and suspicious. If so, how are we to imagine that this affair should be going

going on so long a time, and that Mr. Jackson, with all the guarded caution of an attentive husband about him, should be so totally unsuspicious as to take no notice whatever, nor feel the least alarm at the noble Lord's never having made any proposals to Miss Bishop. Law and reason itself required in such a process as this, even beyond all others, that the best evidence should be brought forward, which the nature of the case would admit of. Why then was not Miss Bishop brought forward, who might have fully established the principal point which the plaintiff aimed at, and which alone could entitle him to considerable damages? The plea of indelicacy appearing to prove the infidelity of her sister, could have but little effect upon the minds of the Jury. On the contrary, nothing could be more honourable than for that lady to appear, and, in vindicating the character of the plaintiff, establish at the same time the purity of her own honour. Her testimony might justify them both, for suffering scenes of this kind to pass for so long a time under their own eyes. But if this delicacy was to be observed towards Miss Bishop, why not produce the Colonel, their father, and Sir G. and Lady Warren, to corroborate what has been stated, of the duplicity of the defendant? Surely it could not be contended, that these parties were not to be found. There were also the servant maids retained latterly in the family, and servants were known by some means or other, always to gain some information on subjects of this kind. It was extremely remarkable that none of these had been produced, nor indeed any other person who could positively assert, that Miss B. had herself even declared the noble Lord to be her suitor; and what was most extraordinary of all, Mr. Jackson himself, throughout the whole very suspicious proceedings, never once thought it necessary to ask Lord Milsingtown what were his objects, or whether they were honourable. It has been established in evidence, that the frail Mrs. Jackson was beautiful and fascinating. It was asserted also, as it never failed to be on all such occasions, that before the present affair she was virtuous and honourable. It might be so, indeed, but it was hard trusting to such assertions of counsel. There was scarcely any married woman, who could not obtain such a character. Experience, however, proved to us, that frequently women who are saints here, are sinners in Bond-street. There was only one topic more to which he found it by any means necessary to allude; namely, the inference drawn from a letter, the manuscript of which, in his opinion, had not been sufficiently proved. But granting, for the sake of argument, that the letter was genuine, and addressed by Lord M. to a lady of the name of Harriet, whom he would, for the moment, suppose to be Mrs. Jackson—admitting also that the object of that letter was to induce that lady to elope to him with her child—he must contend that, far from being an aggravation of the offence, it did honour to his feelings, whether or not it should so happen hereafter that, satiated with enjoyment, he should ever be induced to turn her adrift. Though Miss Middleton stated, that Mrs. Jackson had before that a miscarriage, yet it was certain that she never had a child before the commencement of this supposed intercourse between her and Lord M. and therefore it was not unreasonable in his Lordship, to conclude that the infant was his own. That he did

so,

so, was evident from the fondness with which he spoke of the "dear little angel," and with such an impression strongly operating on his mind, it was surely commendable in him rather to take them both under his own protection, than to suffer the lady to remain imposing a spurious offspring upon her husband, and leave it to him to make provision for, and caress with the fond partiality of a parent, a child that was not his own. In conclusion, the learned counsel adverted to the circumstance of Miss Bishop's not having been brought forward as a witness, the consequence of which might be to blast all the plaintiff's hopes and prospects, should he be disposed to institute proceedings in a still higher tribunal (the House of Lords) which would instantly reject his petition for a divorce, upon being informed that the production of the best possible witness was refused. He was the more induced to mention this, as he saw some of those gentlemen present, upon whom, when sitting on a former Jury, he endeavoured to press arguments of a similar tendency, against those of Mr. Erskine on the opposite side. The Jury, however, by their verdict, gave 1,500l. damages, and when application was afterwards made for a divorce to the House of Lords, they did not hesitate a moment to reject the petition; and this, he trusted, would operate as a caution to the gentlemen of the present Jury, not to give great damages upon such slight evidence.

The Sheriff summed up the evidence in a perspicuous manner, and afterwards observed to the Jury, that their present business was, not to enquire into the guilt of the defendant, for that was already admitted in his suffering judgment to pass by default, but to assess the retribution in damages for an injury which, under some circumstances, was perhaps as great as any that one man could commit against another; and after a brief, but judicious comment upon the several depositions, and the arguments of counsel, left them to decide upon what sum they would award.—After about half an hour's deliberation, the Jury found a verdict of Two Thousand Pounds damages against the defendant, with costs of suit.

ANECDOTES

Of the Speed, Stoutness, and Sagacity, of Fox-Hounds. From Mr. DANIEL'S interesting Work on RURAL SPORTS.

MANY years since, a stag was hunted from Whinfield park, in the county of Westmoreland, until, by fatigue or accident, the whole pack was thrown out, except two fox-hounds, bred by Lord Thanet, who continued the chase during the greatest part of the day. —The stag returned to the park from whence he had been driven, and, as his last effort, leaped the wall, and died as soon as he had accomplished it. One of the hounds came to the wall, but being unable to top it, laid down, and almost immediately expired. The other hound was found dead about half a mile from the park.—The length of this chase is uncertain; but as they were seen at Red-kirks, near Annan, in Scotland, distant by the post road about forty-six miles, it is conjectured, that the circuitous course they took, could not make the distance ran less than *one hundred and twenty miles!*

In January, 1738-9, the Duke of Richmond's hounds found at a quarter before eight, and killed at ten minutes before six, after ten hours constant hard running.—

Many

Many of the gentlemen tired three horses each. Only eleven couple and a half of hounds were in at the death.—A curious proof of the fox-hounds' stoutness occurred some years since to Colonel Pearson. A couple and a half of young, newly entered hounds, followed him on horseback; they strayed into a large cover by the road side, and presently found something, which they very eagerly hunted; after trying for a long time to call them off, Mr. P. proceeded to Colchester, where his business detained him some hours; upon his return, he heard them in the cover, and found, by some people at work near the side of it, that they had continued running during his absence, and had driven a fox over the field in which the workmen were, backwards and forwards, several times. Mr. P. then encouraged them, and after hunting the fox for a long time in the cover, he at last broke, and was killed after a run of some miles. The time that these three hounds were running, was at least seven hours; and by far the greatest part of it they had no voice to encourage them to persist.

Mr. George Baker's Romulus broke away singly with a fox, and killed him, after a chase of eighteen miles.

Upon the 19th of February, 1783, a fox was unkennelled near Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, at 27 minutes past nine, and, except half an hour taken up in bolting him from a rabbit-burrow, the hounds had a continued run until fourteen minutes past five in the evening, when they killed. During this space, of nearly eight hours hard running, several horses died in the field, and many others were so hurt as never to be perfectly recovered.—In 1793, Sir Charles Davers's hounds found a leash of foxes in one cover; the hounds divided into three parts, each had a very severe run, and each killed their fox!—In 1795, a pack of fox-hounds, in Cambridgeshire, after running a fox near an hour, found a brace of fresh foxes: the hounds divided, six couple and a half went away with one of them, and killed at Weatherfield, in Essex; one couple pursued the other, and killed him at Thurlow Park Gate: fifteen couple and a half stuck to their hunted fox, and killed at the bottom of Gogmagog Hills, after one hour and three quarters chase without a check, and in which time they were supposed to have run near thirty miles!

Of a fox-hound's undaunted spirit, the following is a decisive proof:—"In drawing a strong cover, a young bitch gave tongue very freely, whilst none of the other hounds challenged. The whipper-in rated to no purpose. The huntsman insisted she was wrong, and the whip was applied with great severity; in doing this, the lash accidentally struck one of her eyes out of the socket; notwithstanding this painful situation, the bitch again took the scent, and proved herself right; for a fox had stole away, and she broke cover after him, unheeded and alone; however, after much delay and cold hunting, the pack hit off the chase. At some distance, a farmer informed the sportsmen that they were far behind the fox, for that a single hound, very bloody about the head, had passed a field off from him, and was running breast high, and that there was little chance of their getting up to him. The pack, from her coming to a check, did at length get up, and, after some cold hunting, the bitch,

bitch again hit off the scent, and the Fox was killed after a long and severe run; when the eye of the bitch, which had hung pendant during the chase, was taken off by the huntsman's scissars.

NEW ANECDOTES.

A Candidate for the Stage, lately applied to the manager of Drury-Lane Theatre for an engagement. After he had exhibited specimens of his various talents, the following dialogue took place between the manager and him. "Sir, you stutter." "So did Mrs. Inchbald."—"You are lame of a leg." "So was Foote."—"You are knock-kneed." "So is Wroughton."—"You have a damned ugly face." "So had Weston."—"You are very short," "So was Garrick."—"You squint abominably." "So does Lewis."—"You are a mere monotonous mannerist." "So is Kemble."—"You are but a miserable copy of Kemble." "So is Barrymore."—"You have a perpetual whine." "So has Pope."—"In comedy you are quite a buffoon." So is Jack Bannister." —"You sing as ill as you act." "So does Kelly."—"But you have all those defects combined." "So much the more singular."

The French stage has lately produced several little pieces in honour of peace. One of these, at the *Vaudeville,* produced some tolerably good songs. The plot is, that an English sailor, who had been prisoner at St. Valery, lands from the fleet in a small boat to visit *Agatha,* the daughter of a master carpenter, with whom he had fallen in love during his captivity. He is discovered by the towns people however, and would have been put in prison again as a spy, but the guns fire, announcing peace, and the honest sailor instantly marries Mademoiselle *Agatha,* daughter of *Maitre Gervais,* the carpenter.

The songs are full of puns; one of those most applauded was, when the sailor says, "that, though exchanged, he is still a prisoner to his mistress." She answers, "that *there* he shall never be *exchanged.*" Another, much applauded, was, when a journeyman carpenter, consulting how they should name a ship, about to be launched, says, "that a good name is of more importance to a ship than people imagine."—*Maître Gervais* answers, that in this case he cannot hesitate, he must call the ship *Bonaparte.*

MASQUERADE ANECDOTE.

The following droll circumstance occurred lately in the metropolis:—Two gentlemen, just on the point of setting off to a masquerade, were called upon by an acquaintance, who saw them into a hackney-coach, and took his leave, lamenting that particular business prevented his sharing in the amusement. They drove off, and very soon reached the rooms, which they had scarcely time to reconnoitre, when they were accosted by a coachman, who demanded his *fare.* The two gentlemen were much surprised; but having no doubt that it was the *same* cochman who drove them, they told him that he was mistaken, and desired him to recollect whether one of them had not paid him upon the steps, instantly on quitting the carriage?—No; *Coachy* remembered nothing of that: "and he would not be *bilked* by e'er a *gemman* in England."—In short, he became so noisy, as to attract the notice of the company. The gentlemen were greatly embarrassed; the masks gathered round; and the *supposed* coachman was on the eve of being kicked out of the room, as an impudent, imposing

posing scoundrel, when he threw off his disguise, and proved to be *not* the *coachman,* but the *friend* who had seen the gentlemen into the coach; and who, having soon dispatched his *particular* business, lost no time in *following* them,—thus to salute them in *another character!*

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

HISTORY OF CLUBS. No. II.

THE BUCKS.

A Brief Historical Account of the Institution of the Most Noble Order of Bucks; as it has been collected from Traditional Accounts and Records of Antiquity, now remaining in the City of Bagdell, which is the same as the ancient Babylon, the original, and once flourishing seat of the Most Noble Order, and transmitted from thence by a British Buck resident in those parts.

NIMROD was the great Founder of the Order; he was the great grandson of Noah; for Nimrod was the son of Chus, who was the son of Cham or Ham, who was the son of Noah.

Now the earth, after the flood, having been divided between the three sons of Noah, it fell to the lot of Ham to be possessed of Egypt, all Africa, a great part of Syria, Arabia, Babylonia, and Assyria; together with divers other countries, the right of which came, by descent, to his grandson, Nimrod.

The ignorance of those days shut out from the people the knowledge of polite arts, and the valuable advantages of a social life; they rather chose to dwell in caves, and frequent the woods alone, or in small parties, where they were frequently devoured by wild beasts, which abounded in those parts, than to form themselves into civil society, or enter into mutual bonds of friendship for the support and service of each other.

This being perceived with regret by Nimrod, who was desirous to civilise and make social that ancient people, and make the land flourish which was the seat of his inheritance, he endeavoured, by every art, to persuade them into their security and happiness, but with little success; till, by his application to hunting, and his great excellence in that art, he gained the admiration and esteem of the people; and, by a peculiar epithet, was called by them "*A mighty hunter before the Lord.*" And they were frequently prevailed on to accompany him in his sports, as they found their own security in it, from the vast number of beasts he daily killed, and which had before destroyed many of them. By this means they began to be more sociable, and to shake off, by degrees, their former rusticity.

Now it was that Nimrod first established this most noble Order, and with that the first and great empire of the world, called the Babylonian Empire. This happened, according to the best accounts, about the year of the world 1814, or 2190 before Christianity. What greatly conduced to establish the Order, was a circumstance which tradition relates as follows:—

Nimrod having found out the use of the grape, invented the making that noble wine, dignified by the ancients with the name of NECTAR, and feigned by them to have been drank by the Gods. He happened one day to lead the people a more than ordinary chase, and they were fatigued with the toil of their sports. Nimrod, to relieve them, introduced his most excellent wine, which they had no sooner tasted, than their spirits became exhilarated; they forgot their former toil, and passed the evening with cheerfulness and jollity, which gave them an idea of the

the pleasures of society; a pleasure to which, till then, they had been strangers to.

From hence it is, that the ancients stiled Nimrod, the God of Wine and cheerfulness, under the denomination of Bacchus, or more properly *Bar chus*. *Bar* signifying a son, and Nimrod was the son of Chus, and it agrees with the ancient account of their Bacchus in other particulars; for they feign Bacchus to be descended from Jupiter, and Nimrod's great grandfather was called Jupiter Ammon. Besides, the most ancient name of Bacchus, was Zagreus, which signified a strong hunter, answerable to the epithet given to Nimrod. Bacchus was also feigned to be born at Nisa, in Arabia; and Nimrod is well known to have been an Arabian.

However this be, the people having once tasted the pleasures of a social life, resolved, under the direction of Nimrod, to form themselves into a society, and set apart times for festivity and merriment. Therefore, Nimrod, to encourage them in their resolution, set apart to each man a portion of land, and instructed them in the art of culture and management of the vine, reserving to himself a yearly stipend, called a *quit rent*, as a testimony of their allegiance to him. This custom of giving the Bucks estates, is, therefore, still kept up, though now it is merely nominal.

Nimrod also instructed them in the more civil arts of architecture and design. They built that ancient and magnificent structure, the Tower of Babel, as a Grand Lodge to entertain the Order in. But the most material instructions he gave them, were a few setentious principles, as mementos, which he laid down as a foundation-stone for that political structure he was then erecting, and which would make them more lasting, and of greater extant, than the Tower of Babel; which principles were, what are now the standing mottos of the order, viz.

"Unanimity is the strength of society."

"Be merry and wise."

"Freedom with innocence."

"Industry produces wealth."

He caused these mottos to be inscribed on the principal parts of that great tower, since the destruction whereof, many stones have been found, with the inscription entire, in the ancient Syriac character.

Upon these principles he rested secure in government, well knowing, that while they subsisted among his people, all the nations of the earth could never prevail against him; and he called them *Bar chus's*, or sons of *Chus* (as they were his adopted brothers); which, by the corruption of the word, and the common fate of languages, and probably for the sake of brevity, has deviated into the name of Bucks, though some will have it, that Buck was the original name, as it is significant of that noble exercise which was the first occasion of the institution.

That the above principles should be inviolably observed, he instituted officers to each society, from among those which he had before (in consideration of their merit) distinguished by certain denominations, according to their different employs in their hunting exercise—Rangers, Forresters, and Keepers. One of the society he chose annually to preside as a Grand, or Chief Buck, in each respective company; who was to choose a sufficient number of deputies to preside in his absence, and

and also a number of Forresters to be of his council, proportioned to the largeness of each society, and gave them a power to make such rules and orders, from time to time, as they should see necessary (consistent with the above-named general principles); and also for the better promoting good fellowship, freedom of conversation, innocent mirth, and every social virtue, as good companions. The people being informed by public proclamation, they all bowed, and said—*We obey.*

From these civil societies, Nimrod chose the most eminent to be of his council in matters political; and they framed the system of government, by which the Babylonian, and after that the other great empires of the world were governed. So that the Bucks are not only the most ancient, but the most noble of all societies, as it was the original foundation of all distinction, and productive of every blessing that mortals can enjoy.

During the reign of Nimrod, and his successors, down to the reign of Tonos Concoleres, by the Greeks and Romans called Sardanapalus, the thirtieth in succession of the Babylonian and Assyrian Emperors, the Order flourished in its greatest dignity and splendour; and, as the people increased, was transplanted into all the then known parts of the world. Most of the monarchs and great men that have ever lived, have been of this Order; but by the destruction of that Prince (through his degeneracy from Buck principles), and with him of that noble empire, by Arbaces, the governor of Media, and by the progressive conquests and government of the Persians, Grecians, Romans, Parthians, Saracens, Persian Sophies, and Caliphs, the Order has been in a fluctuating and itinerant state, and gone hand in hand with the fate of kingdoms, states, and times; for it is remarkable of the Order, that as good sense and good manners, friendship and fidelity, were ever the criterion of Bucks, so in what kingdom, state, or time, soever they flourished, those valuable qualities infused themselves into that people among whom they were.

As to the Bucks first setting foot in Britain, it is said, that Julius Cæsar having made conquest of the eastern parts (as well as Britain), was the first that transplanted them from thence into this kingdom: but others assert, that British Bucks were of a much more ancient date, though undoubtedly he encreased their number.

Since Julius Cæsar, though the like fate that, from Sardanapalis, caused its peregrination into different countries, has sometimes obscured the splendour of the Order in Britain, yet it has never been totally extinguished, but seems, at present, to be drawing to its original lustre, as there are now in London the following Lodges—

Babylonian,
Assyrian,
Euphrates,
Hellespont,
Brunswick,
European,
Macedonian,
Arthurian,
Arabian,
Mecklenburgh,
Agricultarian,

Of what is called the United Order. They are held on different nights of the week, by which means the Bucks of one Lodge have an opportunity

opportunity of visiting the rest. Once a year it is customary for each society to pay a grand visit to a sister lodge; at which time the Grand and his Officers go in their regalia, and make a splendid appearance.

In each Lodge, the Grand is assisted by a council of twelve or more, that meet as often as the Grand thinks fit, for the welfare of the Lodge; and any grievance they have to alledge, or motion to make for the good of the Order, is presented to the Grand Quarterly Committee, consisting of the Noble Grands, Noble Bucks, and their deputies of every Lodge, who hear, determine, and redress all matters laid before them; a copy of the proceedings of which Committee is signed by the Grand Secretary, and sent to all the Lodges of the United Order.

Besides the Lodges above-mentioned, there are three very respectable societies of Bucks (though not of the United Order); the one is called the Mother Lodge, and held at the Castle, Moorgate; the Pewter Platter Lodge, held in Cross-street, Hatton Garden; and the Royal Hanoverian Lodge, at the Horn Tavern, in Doctors' Commons.

The making of a Buck, was originally five shillings and six-pence; and when he attended the Lodge, he spent one shilling and two-pence. There was no fine for non-attendance, and only six-pence per annum paid to the society, quit-rent, for the estate of Five Hundred Pounds per year, which the Grand Buck makes a present of to every new-made brother, and of which he is ordered to take possession as soon as he can.

(*To be continued.*)

Hunting Expressions Elucidated.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

Reading the other day an old French Treatise on Hunting, the title whereof is, *La Venerie de Jacques du Fouilloux à Paris*, 1573, I was much entertained with the singularity of his notions, and the great eulogiums he had penned in honour of the chase. In hopes it may likewise amuse some of your readers, the following notes are extracted from that book; which, to the best of my knowledge, has never been translated, and is probably very scarce. In his dedication to Charles IX. of France, he observes, that men in all ages have given themselves up to various pursuits; some to high or occult sciences; some have recreated their minds by the study of Philosophy; and others have servilely stooped to the mechanic arts, in order to gain worldly riches, or to gratify their innate avarice. From these premises he infers, that the attending to such exercises as will promote health, vigour and jocundity, are highly commendable; amongst which, none are comparable in his estimation to the delights of the chase. "These," he says, "have added strength to my youth, with the hopes of fame, of longevity which my ancestors enjoyed by their strong attachment to it." In his address to the French gentry of that time, he styles the diversion, "a most *delectable labour*, a polite exercise;" and affirms, that "Hunters are a set of men the least to be accused of indolence." By hunting, he means the grand parade of forcing the stag, or running the wild boar.

The

The fox and hare occupy a much inferior station, which he considers only as a *menu divertissement*; notwithstanding, he allows, hare-hunting to be a pleasant amusement, and free from danger; but he seems totally unacquainted with the ardour of our modern fox-chase, and figures his reynard in the same rank with wolves, badgers, otters, &c. There is much humour in his remarks on the character and convivial disposition of a true sportsman, whose noble occupation, he says, exhilarates the mind, gives agility to the body, and strength to the appetite; maintaining (how true I cannot say) that it lessens our natural propensity to evil, increasing courage and resolution for dangerous exploits. He reckons Xenophon and Appian, as writers upon these subjects; among the Latins, the Poet Grotius, Pope Adran VI. with many others of more modern date; and concludes, by observing, that the lovers of Diana, frequently become the most intrepid sons of Mars.

Such is the substance, and in some places the direct words of Monsieur du Fouilloux, Seigneur de Gastine en Poitou; but the style of our Poitevin, is too obsolete to bear a literal translation; I have therefore only endeavoured to preserve a specimen of the original. This book, to all appearance may be valuable, and my supposition is grounded on having observed it enquired for by an advertisement in a Country Newspaper, which circulates around a celebrated hunt. This is not to be wondered at, as it contains a number of curative receipts respecting dogs, and also embellished with a great variety of neat wooden cuts. It has likewise thrown some light, in my opinion, upon our hunting exclamations, such as *tallio*, or *tally-ho*, *hoix*, *hark-forward*. These are borrowed from French words, which appear in this book, under musical notes. The first is *tya-hillaut*, or *thia-hillaud*; the second is derived from *haut-icy*, or *haut-icey*; thirdly, *forhuer*, or *fort huer*, is the huntsman's cry. Thus these words are mere sounds, with little or no meaning, yet their etymology has often embarrassed me; but allowing, for our frequent corruption of French terms, I think their derivation is here plainly made out. *Halloo!* for the same reason originates from *hah-le-loup*, or *au-loup*; wolves being formerly common in England, as well as on the Continent, and this word served as a shout to set the dogs on a pursuit, which expression continues in use to this day, though no wolves be found in either Great or Ireland, since the time that a premium was ordered by a law for their destruction.

JEAN JAQUES.

Somers Town, Jan. 4.

ANNUAL MEETINGS,

Pursuant to a late Resolution of the Jockey Club.

THE Meetings at Newmarket will, in future, begin as follows, viz.

The Craven Meeting, on Easter Monday.

The First Spring Meeting, on that day fortnight.

And the Second Spring Meeting, on that day month.

The July Meeting, about the 10th of July.

The First October Meeting, on Monday, before the first Thursday in October.

The Second October Meeting, on that day fortnight.

And

And the Houghton Meeting, on that day month.

That the King's Stables, at Newmarket, is the place of entrance, and the place for weighing, is at the King's Stand.

Hints on Modern Improvements in Eating, Riding, and Walking.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

THE present age is undoubtedly distinguished for improvements beyond those of all former ages; but it has long been a question with me, whether our improvements are not too transitory, whether we make the best possible use of them, and whether the genius which invented them has been duly rewarded.

Some men of great capacity in sporting with the appetite, have, for wagers, contrived to eat at one meal, as much as would suffice for five men, and drink in proportion. Much as I admire extraordinary abilities, the present time is not the proper one for exertions of this kind. These men, however, might be useful in war, if we could contrive to quarter them upon the enemy, and send them into their camp, like foxes and firebrands. But as to their employment at home, however ingenious they think themselves, it is absolutely irreconcileable with the current prices of Leadenhall-market.

In the entertaining pages of your amusing Magazine, I have read of another species of very singular geniuses, who presented their abilities to an admiring world. They actually ate *live cats.* Now, although cats are somewhat of a common property, and have not yet been *made game* of, still I have my doubts whether they are not useful in the destruction of vermin, and, therefore, if those who have made war with the cats, merely from a peculiarity of taste, will not follow up their voracity, by devouring rats and mice at the same time, we shall not be gainers by these gentlemen.

A few years since, we were mightily surprised and entertained with the discovery of Air-balloons. This promised to be a new æra in the history of mankind, to diminish the price of landed property, to realize the proverbial fiction of building castles in the air, and to wean our affections from sublunary pursuits. It was then expected that we should *look up* for the arrival of our friends from the country, that turnpike gates would no longer be formidable for their expence or extortions, that all the inconveniences of wheel-carriages might be dispensed with, and our only contests on this new road would be to soar higher and fly swifter than the feathered tribe. Parties were formed to visit the regions of the Moon, and new phaetons determined to drive the chariot of the Sun, regardless of the fate of that enterprising youth. In a word, the highway was to be deserted, and the milky way to be the only promenade of fashion, and the rendezvous of the gay and the busy. How soon this *rage* ended, most of my readers must remember, and travellers are now on the *footing* they were before that important discovery, nor is it reckoned a proof of a grovelling spirit to be a pedestrian.

Other discoveries have been made from time to time, which have been equally neglected as to practical

practical use. We have men, who have invented a mode of riding on three horses at one time. This has been often performed before thousands of spectators, who have applauded the discovery with heart and hand. Now of what use this can be, has not yet been explained. It is said to ease the horses, which I suppose may be the case. It reminds me of two Irish travellers, who, having ten miles to walk, concluded they could do it easily, as it was only five miles a-piece! The art of riding on three horses would, therefore, have been very generally practised, if the proportions of their feeding could be adapted to those of their labour. But I am afraid, as horses cannot be made to understand this, the art of riding upon three at a time must be content to remain in a very few hands.

Some of these ingenious persons, I observe, have attained, in very great perfection, the art of riding upon their *heads*. But this, likewise, is at present a species of *monopoly*. It is not applied to general use, although the advantages of it must be very obvious. It would prevent that galling, which is so extremely inconvenient to persons not used to riding on horseback, and which subjects them not only to much personal inconvenience, but likewise to many scurvy jests and gibes. Upon this account, riding upon the head ought to be practised by all who have heads, especially of the hard kind, as free from most of the objections the other mode is liable to. Whether it ought to be recommended to the fair sex, may admit of some doubts. Those who think that the perfection of the sex, is to get rid of the prejudices of education, would, I presume, have no objection to a revolution of this kind.

There are a third class of geniuses equally neglected and unemployed, as to all useful purposes, who have discovered a mode of dancing upon a rope, and walking upon it with as much ease as upon the solid ground. I have often been surprised, that this invention has not been generally adopted. It comes the nearest to that of the Balloons. To travel with rapidity, a man has only to fix a rope on the place from whence he sets out, and send the rest of the rope in a waggon to the place he wishes to go to, where the other end may be fixed on the top of a church, cathedral, or other high situation. These ropes, too, might be made stationary, and describe to an inhabitant of the upper regions, the *fac simile* of all the high roads, and cross roads of the kingdom, as laid down in the map, but more upon a scale of right lines, which would amazingly facilitate travelling. The traveller might either walk or dance the whole way at pleasure, and descend by means of his balance whenever he wished to bait. At present, I am sorry to say it, this invention is used merely as an amusement to a few holiday folks, who, by the bye, would be much better amused by a rope-dancer, if they could forget the chance he seems to have of breaking his neck.

At present we behold, and daily hear of many improvements in the art of walking on the ground. Hence, the many walking-matches which are the rage of the day, and by which we hear of men who can walk longer without being knocked up, as the phrase is, than a horse; that they require less food, and less sleep, on a journey of 100 miles. Now, if a man is capable of doing all this, may we not naturally ask, why is he

he not a horse, or a substitute for a horse? Six such men might be employed in drawing a mail-coach; and the nobility who have to make a singular, as well as brilliant appearance on a birth-day of their Majesties, might harness six of their footmen, in splendid liveries, properly broke in; but it would not be necessary for this purpose. They should draw more than five miles an hour; but those trained to the road, would of course be able to go over twice the ground in that time. Farmers know, that as much land is necessary for the feed of one horse, as would maintain three men. Of course we should be able to plant more corn, and in all other respects, the savings would be great. Our lives would undoubtedly be safer, as in this case there would be no danger of the cattle taking fright, and running down precipices. They would have an interest in preserving their masters' lives for their own sakes; and, indeed, should they be skittish or restive, application might be made to a neighbouring justice of peace, who would soon set all to rights, though perhaps not without a little *whipping*. These animals themselves would also have many advantages; that of being able to complain, is none of the least, and which we well know, horses do not possess, however barbarously they may be treated; a proof not only of the cruelty, but of the ingratitude of their owners. If, therefore, we hear a man boasting, that he can walk a hundred miles in a day, let him be immediately *put-to*, and if he performs half that distance in a single-horse chaise, he may certainly be more usefully employed this way, than by swearing and drinking.

Such, Gentlemen, are a few of the modern improvements, which have hitherto been confined exclusively to the inventors. I might mention others; such as, the *fire-eaters*, and those who make a comfortable *meal of pebbles*. The abilities of all these persons might undoubtedly, and ought to be converted into more useful purposes, than merely adding to the sports of a country fair.—Your's, &c.

Jan. 5. I. I. B.

Illegality of Bull-Baiting.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

I HAVE noticed in your last, what you have extracted from the Bury paper, of the shameful treatment of a young tame bull, at Bury, on the 5th of November last.

The term, BULL-BAITING, disgusting as it is, does not sufficiently characterise this outrage on humanity, good order, and the safety of a populous town.

But you go on—" It seems they are sanctioned by an Act of Parliament."—Had you attended to my letter, I think you would, at least, have doubted of the truth of this supposition, with respect to sanction. An Act of Parliament could not have sanctioned cruelty and injustice. It could, at most, only protect it from civil punishment. I know not of any such Act of Parliament, as protects *bull-baiting* at a stake. Until any one can shew such an Act, I shall rely on the best information my reading and researches give me, that there is not such a disgrace to our parliamentary code. If such an Act could be shewn, I am sure it ought to be repealed; and I trust that now it would be repealed. In the mean time, I trust the idea that there is such an act —is

—is to be added to the list of errors noticed by Barrington.

But if bull-baiting at a stake were, unhappily and disgracefully to our laws, protected by statute, driving a bull maddened by torture through the streets of a populous town, would not come within the protection, and must be regarded as a shocking and most dangerous nuisance.

And I trust, were *death* to happen from it to any human being, that it could not on trial be ruled on other principles than those laid down by Sir Michael Forster, in his Treatise on Homicide. That humane and very learned Judge ruled it *manslaughter*, where death to a bye-stander happened at *cock-throwing*. And where the danger of human life is much more probable and immediate, and the act whence that danger results yet more cruel and unlawful, it is difficult to imagine how it could be less than MURDER.

It has been wished, and was lately attempted and strangely frustrated, that there was an Act of Parliament to prevent this horrid and exceedingly dangerous barbarity:—so injurious to the morals of youth; so incompatible with the comfort and safety of the peaceable and good; the young, the innocent, the infirm, and helpless.

I own I am not for adding to the enormous and most rapidly accumulating mass of our statute laws without necessity. I am for relying on the vigour of our common law, carefully considered and applied, and duly enforced. Without any other aid, bull-baiting was suppressed at Windsor, when my father was Recorder there. Another magistrate of that corporation, the late Mr. Hatch, suppressed cock-throwing. Both, I believe, effectually: for I have not heard that either has been revived.

And I have no doubt that, in Bury or elsewhere, if the magistracy will exert themselves by causing the offenders to be apprehended for a breach of the public peace, bull-baiting, and this yet more inhuman practice, will completely be done away without requiring the intervention of Parliament. That it is an indictable nuisance I have already said; and I trust that if repeated, some of those who are annoyed, and who with their families are endangered by it, will indict it, and thereby bring it under such legal censure and restraint, as shall prevent its repetition, and convince the public, that inhumanity and public mischiefs, such as this, are effectually restrainable by the common law of England.—I remain, your's, &c. CAPEL LOFFT.

Troston, Dec. 10, 1801.

DASHAWAY'S LETTER

To the Editor of the New Sussex Chronicle.

OLD PARAGRAPH,

FINDING among the knowing ones, that your colt *Chronicle* is likely to be the favourite *thing*, and will be *taken* against the field, I have sported some hundreds upon its success. I therefore write you a few hints for its improvement and assistance; for much is still wanting (notwithstanding the noble sport which appears promised by your previous *race list)* to make it complete.—In the first place, you want an able correspondent, to report, from the Clubs and Tattersall's betting-room; and if you will accept my services, *I say done first!*

Now, in regard to your 'Biography,' you must change that for "Pedigree," and I'll supply that article

article from *Bay Malton* to *Jack Andrews!*—Your Provincial news must take in all the *bye-races, cock-matches, walking-goes*, and every thing that's worth knowing:—Your London news need only tell us the *winners* and *losers* at the clubs—who sports the highest *dash* in Hyde-Park—which horses belong to *my lord*, and which to his *groom*, and such fashionable articles.—In your legal nonsense, stick to the *crim. con. causes*, and make them rich and warm, MY BOY; unless there should be any *elopements* worth hearing.—In short, give us nothing but what can improve the taste and spirit of the age, and laugh the flats out of countenance.—In your Poetry, give us some *deep-coloured songs*, and be sure to *quiz* the *parsons*, as you live so handy. Do not spare them, MY BOY, for they only spoil *sport*.

Observe to be devilish exact in describing *boxing-matches*; do justice to the *nimble-punchers*, the *pugilists*; display all the *blows*; the *eye-closers*; the *nose-rippers*; the *breath-pumpers*; the *ground-longs*, and so forth—this will delight the deep ones, and spread your paper in all the spirited circles. Give us a good account of all the *lively lads*, whose spirit brings them to a *hempen apoplexy*:—Tell us how they kept it up to the last.—Epsom races for ever!—Lose your chinkers; cock a pistol; stand the Bow-street racket; bother the full-bottoms; and then dance first-couple in a new black suit;—*that's your sort, old boy!*

Pick up an authentic *course of training*, to enable a man to walk down five post-horses:—Shew them that you're up to the *mag* and the *gossip*, and all that.—Sport the play-houses, they're the school for my morals; managers, actors, pieces and all!—Beggar's Opera against Shakespeare; *done, for a hundred*—Captain Macheath against General Macbeth!—Music's the crack!—Billington's the go!—1500*l. a-side*, and *two sweep-stakes*—that's your sort again—*runs double heats, and comes in with her weight!*—I'll back her for what they dare!—*A fine going thing,*—*has a deal of foot—goes above her ground—wants no curb—springs in a snaffle—leaps Gamut gate at a stand*.—Hark forward my new one!!

Now, if you do not wish to see me *done-up*, pray insert my letter, as I have taken the *long-odds* with Sam Sweepstakes, that it appears in your first paper.—Should you bring me through, you may depend upon my interest, support, and what is better, my correspondence, in an early second letter.—Your's, my worthy news-scraper,

DICKY DASHAWAY.

Roary-Hall, Turf Common,
Jan. 2, 1802.

A CLERICAL REPARTEE.

A Cornish clergyman having a dispute concerning several shares in different mines, found it necessary to send for a London limb of the law, to have some conversation with the witnesses, examine the title-deeds, view the premises, &c. The divine very soon found, that his legal assistant was as great a rogue as ever was struck off the rolls. However, as he thought his knowledge might be useful, he shewed him his papers, took him to compare his surveyor's drawings with the situation of the pits, &c. When in one of these excursions, the professional gentleman was descending a deep shaft, by means of a rope which he held tight in his hand, he called out

out to the parson, who stood at the top, "Doctor, as you have not confined your studies to geography, but know all things from the surface to the centre, pray how far is it from this pit, to that in the infernal regions?"—"I cannot exactly ascertain the distance (replied the divine) but let go your hold, and you'll be there in a minute."

The LIFE, ADVENTURES, *and* OPINIONS, *of* COL. GEORGE HANGER.

[*Continued from page* 132.]

THE reader will give me credit, I trust, for having passed through my campaign to the north so peaceably as I have done, having not dealt in the exploits of war further than was absolutely necessary to keep up the chain of my adventures. I trust also he will applaud my humanity in not shocking his feelings: for, as yet, I have not drawn one drop of blood of the enemy; nor is it my intent. I have also studiously avoided relating all those calamities and horrors that in war are impossible to be prevented in the best-disciplined armies, some of which, were I to relate them, I assure the reader, would make his wig stand on end on his head; but a truce to murder, plunder, and desolation. Let the reader be assured, if his wig is not incommoded by other circumstances, my writings shall never disturb it.

In the progress the army under Lord Cornwallis made to the upper parts of North Carolina, I caught the yellow fever at Charlottebourg. Tarleton was just recovering from it as I sickened. When the army marched from that town, myself, and five officers, who had the same disorder, were put into waggons and carried with the army. They all died in the first week of our march, and were buried in the woods as the army moved on.

My sickness happened in the autumn, at which time the rainy season sets in, when small rivulets, which, generally, the soldier may walk through and not wet him above the ancles, swell, in a few hours, to such an height, as to to take a man up to the neck, and oftentimes for some hours impede the march of an army. In passing several of these small brooks, the straw on which I lay in the waggon was often wetted. Kind nature had endowed me with a constitution much stronger than the generality of mankind, or the damps I encountered must have killed me. The fatigue of travelling alone brought the other five officers, in a very short time, to their graves. I took the advantage of the escort of a regiment, which was ordered to leave the army and march down out of North Carolina to Camden, in South Carolina, where I arrived safe, and all but dead. There Lord Rawdon (now Earl Moira) commanded. I had travelled over a great extent of country, in a waggon; so that from the roughness of the roads, and the general debility of my whole frame, I was reduced to something very like a skeleton. I was, indeed, so weak, that I could not turn myself, but was forced to be moved by my attendants when I wanted for ease to change my posture. In this miserable situation I lay so long, first on one side, then on the other, and then on my back, that the bones of my back and each hip came fairly, or rather freely, through the skin. I then had no other posture to lay in but on my stomach

stomach, with pillows to support me.

The reader may think that I exaggerate the miseries I suffered, for surely no man ever endured more; but, I pledge my honour, that all I relate is strictly true: but I will give additional testimony to my own; for, having the honour to dine at Lord Moira's house in St. James's Place, about two years after my arrival in England, where his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Sir Henry Clinton, General Vaughan, General Crosbie, and many other officers who had served in America, were present, his Lordship could not refrain from observing how surprising it was that a man should be sitting in that company, whose bones he had absolutely seen, at Camden, come through his skin.—The disorder at last fell down into my legs, which, I am of opinion, saved my life; as that moment I began to recover. Till that circumstance I had taken nothing to support me but opium and port-wine for three weeks, as nothing else would stay on my stomach. I now began to have an appetite, and by degrees I recovered; but for a long time could not walk without the assistance of one crutch. If I do not actually owe my life to Earl Moira, I certainly am indebted to him for the more speedy recovery of my health, from the many comfortable and nourishing things he sent me every day from his own table, which my servants could not make, and were not to be purchased; and the butchers meat killed at that time of the year is absolutely little better than carrion at Camden.

I was witness to the arduous task to which this nobleman, young in years, but a veteran in abilities and military science, was appointed, and from which he extricated himself with so much honour to his talents, and advantage to his country.—Lord Cornwallis's army was marched into Virginia, and Lord Rawdon left to protect South Carolina, with a feeble force, against the whole power which General Green could assemble in both the provinces; and he unquestionably (without any disparagement to the military character of General Washington) was the best and most active officer in the whole American army. From Camden I went down to Charlestown, where I found my old friend Doctor Hayes, (now Sir John Macnamara Hayes) physician-general to our army, who assured me, that, notwithstanding the great debility I laboured under, my stamina was sound and unimpaired; and that if I would either go to sea for two or three months, and take my passage to the northward, so as to quit, for a short time, that baneful climate, I should be as good a man as I ever was, in respect to health. Captain George Montague, an intimate friend of mine, who commanded the Pearl frigate, was ordered by the Admiral, with the Iris frigate, Captain Dawson, to cruize off the Bermuda Islands; and he kindly took me on board. I remained at sea above three months; and so beneficial was the sea-voyage, and bathing every morning in the salt water, that, before three weeks were passed, I had laid aside my crutch.

During our voyage, I had the pleasure of landing at Bermudas, a beautiful spot, and the most healthy climate on the face of the whole earth. Sick persons from the West Indies, and the Carolinas, resort to this island for the recovery of their health. Being situated a great distance from any land, it feels not the heat of summer,

mer, from the perpetual refreshing breezes of the ocean. There are here two species of fish, uncommonly fine, and of a very luscious quality, called grooper and porgey; the one equal to a john-dorie; the other superior in flavour to a carp. This island swarms with poultry, and yields the finest onions, both which are sent to the West Indies. Cedar wood is in great plenty on this island; so much so, that all the schooners and sloops are built with it: they are very light and buoyant, and sail faster than any vessels. The time for our cruise being expired, Captain George Montague bore away for the Chesapeak Bay. We made the Capes about two o'clock P. M. and were standing into the Bay. It was my intent to land at the first British port, and proceed to join my regiment, the British Legion, commanded by Colonel Tarleton. A privateer, however, fortunately bore down to us, and informed us that the Count De Grasse, with a French fleet, lay at anchor up the Bay. If it had not been for this intelligence, we should have anchored at night, in the middle of the French fleet, as we imagined we should find the British fleet there.

Thus, by my being at sea for four months, did I escape being captured with Lord Cornwallis's army, as well as the being made prisoner at sea by Count De Grasse. We stood out a great distance to sea that night, in order to avoid the track of another French fleet coming from Rhode Island to join Count De Grasse, and then made the best of our way to New York, where we heard all the particulars relative to the situation of Lord Cornwallis's army, which, in about six or seven weeks afterwards, surrendered to the joint forces of the French and Americans.

It is necessary for me to observe, that I sailed from New York with that fleet of men of war (in my friend Montague's frigate) which took on board ten thousand chosen troops, the prime of the British and Hessian forces, under the command of Sir Henry Clinton, with the intent to relieve Lord Cornwallis's army. This force, unfortunately, arrived three or four days after Lord Cornwallis's army had capitulated.

The fleet, with the troops on board from New York, finding this misfortune had befallen the army in Virginia prior to their arrival, returned to New York.—This misfortune drew the war to a conclusion.

The next year Sir Henry Clinton went home. I lost my kind protector and friend, and the army the best of men and a most gallant soldier. Sir Guy Carleton, now Lord Dorchester, assumed the command of the army in America. The manner in which this gallant and distinguished veteran received me, after all those officers, under whose auspices I had served the whole war, were departed for England, was highly gratifying to my feelings; and the assurance he made me, on his arrival at New York, of employing me in a very active line, (provided the war had continued) deserves my warmest thanks.

I cannot refrain from relating a ludicrous conversation which took place between Sir Guy Carleton and myself, one day, when I had the honour of dining at head-quarters, immediately after his arrival, which strongly evinced his good humour and affability. The great skill which, from years of practice (even from a lad when educated

educated in Germany), I had acquired in the knowledge of a rifle-gun, and the precision and perfection to which I had brought the art of shooting with a rifle, was well known to the army, and Sir Guy Carleton had been informed of it. At dinner, he said to me, sitting opposite to him, "Major Hanger, I have been told that you are a most skilful marksman with a rifle-gun. I have heard of astonishing feats that you have performed in shooting."—Thanking him for the compliment, I told his Excellency, that I was vain enough to say, with truth, that many officers in the army had witnessed my adroitness. I then began to inform Sir Guy how my old deceased friend, Colonel Ferguson, and myself, had practised together, who, for skill and knowledge of that weapon, had been so celebrated, and that Ferguson had ever acknowledged the superiority of my skill to his, after one particular day's practice, when I had shot *three* balls running into one hole.—Sir Guy replied to this, "I know you are very expert in this art."—Now, had I been quiet and satisfied with the compliment the Commander in Chief paid me, and not pushed this affair farther, it had been well for me; but I replied, "Yes, Sir Guy, I really have reduced the art of shooting with a rifle to such a nicety, that, at a moderate distance, I can *kill a flea* with a single ball."—At this Sir Guy began to stare not a little, and seemed to indicate, from the smile on his countenance, that he thought I had rather outstepped my usual outdoings in the art. Observing this, I respectfully replied, "I see, by your Excellency's countenance, that you seem doubtful of the singularity and perfection of my art; but, if I may presume so much as to dare offer a wager to my Commander in Chief, I will bet your Excellency five guineas that I kill a flea with a single ball once in eight shots, at eight yards;"—(and, reader, I will bet you fifty guineas I do; and, what is more, the person who wagers with me shall decide the bet, to shew that there is no bubble in it.) Sir Guy replied, "My dear Major, I am not given to lay wagers; but for once I will bet you five guineas, provided you will *let the flea hop.*"—A loud laugh ensued at the table; and, after laughing heartily myself, *I* placed my knuckle under the table, and striking the table, said, "Sir Guy, I knock under, and will never speak of my skill in shooting with a rifle-gun again before you."

[*To be continued.*]

A ROYAL ANECDOTE

Of Frederick IId of Prussia, is related by Mr. Desenfans, in his Descriptive Catalogue of the Pictures purchased by him for the late King of Poland.

AT one period, Wouvermans painted in so small a size, that some of his pictures, like works in enamel, had been put in toilets and snuff-boxes. Frederick the IId. King of Prussia, had one of them, representing a march of cavalry, painted on copper, and incrusted with a double-case gold watch, which he used to wear, till he gave it to a soldier, by whom he passed one day, as the man was on guard at the palace. The King having remarked that he wore a watch, and doubtful whether his own was set right, stopped and asked him, what o'clock it was? which question threw the soldier into confusion, who wore only a watch-chain, and had no watch; but, soon recovering, he pulled out a musquet-ball, to which the chain was

was fixed, and said, "My watch, Sire, does not tell the hour, but reminds me, that it is my duty to die fighting in the service of your Majesty."—"A brave man, who employs his time so, deserves to know how time goes," replied the King, and gave the soldier his own watch."

Account of Mr. Hatchett,

And his celebrated Coach Manufactory in in Long Acre.

THIS excellent artist was born at Cranford, in the county of Middlesex, and served his apprenticeship to Mr. Petit, in London. He began business very early in life, we believe about his twenty-second year. His merit did not long lie concealed, for the present Earl of Berkeley employed him to make a coach on his coming of age; this was executed with such taste, and there was such an air of novelty through the whole, that it not only secured his Lordship's interest, but recommended him very strongly to many distinguished personages, who patronised him in every circle. He was the first that introduced the tim-whiskey; and, a short time after this, a three-wheeled carriage. His next work, we believe, was the arch-bottom phaeton, which still continues to be admired, being now in general use. The first invention that introduced him to a fortune, was some highly-finished fancy carriages which he sent to the East Indies; these met with such universal approbation, that any thing from his hands was held in the highest estimation in India.

His merit became so conspicuous now, that there were no limits to it where grandeur presided. His performances were talked of, and the Empress Catharine, of Russia, sent an order to him to make her a coach, after his own taste and genius; how he executed this, the universal applause it met with, here and in Petersburgh, is a striking testimony of: for this he received fifteen hundred guineas. Some time after this he made a state car for Sir Thomas Rumbold, when Governor of Madras. This was so well approved of in that quarter, that he was, on the return of the fleet, employed to make a state coach for the Nabob of Arcot; to give a description of this magnificent piece of art would exceed our limits. The overflow at his manufactory for a month was incredible, and every one appeared so highly delighted, that it became a subject for some time. For this he received four thousand five hundred guineas. To enumerate the most distinguished carriages, made for the first personages in Europe, since that, would be tedious; the highest finished were, two for the Duc de Chartres and two for the Prince de Conti.

A short time after this he was appointed coach maker to his present Majesty of England, and to the Duke of Gloucester; and the next year the Empress of Russia and the Grand Duke conferred the same honour on him.

This artist is the first that introduced flowers in mother-o'-pearl on the bodies of carriages; and he was also the first that introduced the high varnish, now in such general estimation.

Of the manufactory, the front shop in Long-Acre, is appropriated to finished carriages, the number in general thirty. From this we are led into an extensive yard, one part for repaired carriages, the other for timber; the number of carriages one hundred; the wheelwrights, smiths, sawyers, and labourers, from this yard, are fifty. From this we are led to the first floor—In the first shop are carriage makers, to the number of twenty; in

in the next shop are harness-makers, to the number of thirty. The next shop is for the finishing smiths, to the number of fifteen: this shop is circular, and commands a view from the centre of a number of smiths' fires from beneath, which has a very good effect by night. The next shop is for the painting of the carriage-part only; in this shop twelve painters are constantly employed. In the next shop there is a horizontal machine, which conveys finished carriages up and down. From hence we are led to the second floor. In the first shop the body-makers are employed, to the number of twenty. The next shop is for the trimmers or liners, to the number of six. The next shop is for the preparing and painting the different grounds; the number of those in employ here are eight. The next shop is for the herald-painters; the number six. The next shop is for the high-varnishing and japanning; the number of men six. The next shop is for the gilders; the number four.

In short, this very distinguished and extensive manufactory stands upon near two thousand feet of ground, and gives bread to two hundred men.

More Pedestrianism.

PEDESTRIAN Exercises having now become fashionable, and the very extraordinary performance of Mr. Barclay having been for some time the topic of conversation, have led me into a more serious consideration of the subject than I at first supposed it could deserve; but I do not despair of drawing from it such national advantages, as will, in the end, obtain for me the approbation of every liberal and enlightened man in these united kingdoms. Having been myself always an enthusiastic admirer of pedestrian exploits, I have long thought on the means of arriving at excellence in so laudable an amusement; and, after the study and practice of a number of years, I find the following regimen, diet, and method of training, the best calculated to insure success.

There are three principal things to be attended to in preparing for a pedestrian effort; viz. strength, cunning, and agility. It is my purpose briefly to treat of the food proper to increase each of these grand desiderata.

First, as to strength; certainly the flesh of that noble animal the lion, is superior to any thing else that could be procured; but then, how difficult to obtain it! His Majesty's collection in the Tower is too much prized, and too well guarded, to give us the least shadow of hope from that quarter: indeed, Mr. Pidcock, of Exeter-Change, not long since announced the circumstance of the death of a lion, but such another opportunity of obtaining this prime food may not occur again for a number of years; therefore I would recommend a succedaneum: the strength of a bear, I believe, is generally allowed, and well known; and, I apprehend, was first discovered by the *warmth* of its embraces. The flesh of this animal may be at all times purchased of the renowned Mr. Vickery, now living in the neighbourhood of Covent-Garden, or his equally modest successor, in Bishopsgate-street, the ingenious Mr. Ross. I would recommend a due portion of this to be eaten *raw*, as a breakfast, changing from the leg to the shoulder; then a few slices of the loin, afterwards returning to the limbs, but carefully to avoid the entrails; and, indeed, every part but those I have named, except picking the pettitoes, which I would

I would allow merely as an amusement; but all to be taken *raw*.

As a drink, I shall name goat's milk, (being a *sure-footed* animal); and reluctantly I consent to the *melting* a small quantity of the bear's suet, in order to mix with it, by which means it will slip down more easily; for in this business *velocity* is to be considered a grand object. What is on the shin bone will afford an admirable lunch: and, for dinner, (to promote my second requisite, *cunning*) nothing will be found so efficacious as a plentiful portion of foxes brains; these, together with the feet of that sagacious animal, (which must assist the speed) will furnish a wholesome, light dinner. Should it not appear to entirely satisfy the stomach, a slice from the bear's haunches will complete the meal; but remember, all is to be eaten *raw!*—Tea I prohibit; spruce beer will recommend itself from its briskness.

My third thing necessary, *speed*, must be attended to in the business. My reader will, doubtless, anticipate me in recommending the legs of a fine old jack hare; indeed it will be necessary to have a copious supply of this valuable article, together with the loins and haunches of a full-grown greyhound, the one being nearly as good as the other; but not to forget to eat them both *raw*; and guard against swallowing them together, but take them on different nights; since, should they meet in the stomach, they might not agree, and therefore create an unpleasant pain and nausea. Should the person in training loath at last so much raw flesh, and languish for some unwholesome, and pernicious dressed meat, he may, once a week, indulge in a dish of stewed squirrels, or a broiled magpie; although I cannot embrace so great an absurdity as to suppose that cooked victuals will be of service; but the magpie being a hopping, skipping bird, and the squirrel clever at a jump, this food is least likely to lessen the agility.

On going to bed, a quantity of cut horse-hair, or cowitch, strewed between the sheets, will keep the body in exercise during the night, and in the morning, as usual, he must return to the diet of *raw flesh*.

At some future time I will treat of the *daily exercise*, and other particulars. In the mean time I remain, Gentlemen, your's at command,

A. B.

Anecdotes of the late Dr. Monsey.

[*Continued from page* 143.]

A Particular apartment at Dr. Monsey's was devoted to mechanics, which displayed a confused collection of pendulums and wheels, nails and saws, hammers and chisels.

As long as age and sight allowed, in this recess he most days amused himself, and was particularly pleased in executing for himself, and even others, any necessary joiner's work.

It was always his pride to have an excellent watch, and a good clock: he possessed a time-piece of great value and exquisite workmanship, partly put together by Mr. Barber.

To two of his favourite clocks he had a string, which he could pull as he lay in bed; and when he could not sleep, which latterly was too often the case, it was his amusement to have recourse to his nocturnal companions, and count the tedious hours. A mischievous rogue, jus as the Doctor was going to bed, put a feather into each of the clocks and stopped them. In the night, the old friends, in spite of

of all the Doctor's applications, were both silent: he rung his bell, instantly got up, called his servants, and the house was in confusion. The remainder of the night was spent in searching for and removing the cause of this misfortune; but the wag was forbidden his house for ever.

The mode he adopted for drawing his own teeth was uncommon: it consisted in fastening a strong piece of gatgut round the affected tooth firmly; the other end of the catgut was, by means of a strong knot, fastened to a perforated bullet; with this a pistol was charged, and when held in a proper direction, by touching the trigger, a troublesome companion and a disagreeable operation were evaded.

Though he used to declare that he never knew this operation attended with any ill consequence, yet he scarce ever met with any body to adopt it, notwithstanding his frequent persuasions.

A person, whom he fancied he had persuaded to consent, went so far as to let him fasten his tooth to the catgut; but then his resolution failed, and he cried out lustily that he had altered his mind:—" But I " have not," said Monsey, holding fast the string, and giving it an instant and smart pull; " and you " are a fool and a coward for your " pains." The tooth was immediately extracted from the mouth of the reluctant, but not disappointed, patient.

He used to ridicule his neighbour, Mr. Hingestone, for asserting that the nave of a wheel, in the motion of a carriage, turned twice every time the circular part in which the outer end of the spokes are fixed turned once.

Though very different in *front* to Dr. Monsey, yet, if you *followed* Hingestone, there was a resemblance in wig, stooping, &c.

" Is that Dr. Monsey?" said a gentleman of Chelsea, who took him for the Doctor as he passed the window.—" I hope not," said Hingestone, turning round as he spoke.

This gentleman never forgave him, Monsey used to say, for cautioning him against Ranby's designs on his wife.

Such, with all his foibles, was Monsey; but the time was rapidly approaching when infirmity clouded his faculties, when the eye that enlivened and the ear that listened to his friend began to fail, narrative old age came on, and languor, pain, and petulance succeeded to wit which set the table on a roar, and sallies of ironical sarcasm which no " power of face" could resist.

He had exceeded the age of man; the accomplishment of his century was at hand; and he declared in the querulous voice of decrepitude, that he had outlived his pleasures and his friends.

The world was to him a desert; he was in a degree a stranger and alone; and, to use his own words, he was tired of life, but, like many fools and many philosophers, afraid to die.

The edge of the sword had cut through the scabbard, the candle had burnt to the socket, and the writer of this sketch " felt his " convulsive grasp, caught his " dying look, and heard that sigh " which is repeated no more."

It has been the fashion to ridicule and censure that part of his will which directed his body to be sent to the anatomist after death; his reason for this was plausible, and I think just.

In the course of his practice he had often and strenuously recommended the opening the bodies of patients who had died of remarkable complaints, a conduct for which he had been grossly abused by the ignorant and uninformed.

 He

He had, therefore, always determined to convince his enemies that what he had so frequently advised for his patients he was very willing to have performed on himself.

As a biographer, without a view to improvement, performs a nugatory task, and his readers at best have but unprofitable amusement, the life of Monsey may perhaps afford a not unuseful lesson to young and enterprising men of genius and learning.

He had been educated in a profession which, even in the country, might have rendered him, if not a brilliant, an useful and respectable member of society.

Roused by the enticing voices of ambition, luxury, and ease, he deserted the post in which Providence had placed him: he rushed on the wings of hope to the metropolis.

Endowed with strong discernment, possessed of no ordinary share of knowledge both of books and men, he took a satirical turn, and attempted to correct shabby enormity, to reform the abandoned, the impertinent, and the vain.

After a pause, let us ask the following questions:—Did he in general effect his purpose?—Does it appear that his change of situation advanced him on the road of happiness?—Did his rare talents elevate him to any great or lucrative employment?—Did his learning, and powers in conversation make him more feared or loved?—In a word, did they contribute to smooth his passage through life?—After considering these questions, the humble man may perhaps look up with thankfulness to Providence for blessing him with content, and the ignorant and unlearned cease to complain of not being initiated in those dangerous arts which so often tend to diminish the happiness of our neighbours as well as ourselves.

To conclude—Dr Monsey had strong passions, pointed wit, and a lively imagination: his curiosity was ardent, insatiable, and often troublesome; but then his communication was rapid, copious, and interesting: he possessed a vein of humour, rich, luxuriant, and (as is the nature of *all humour*) sometimes gross, and sometimes inelegant.

If I may be permitted to borrow an allusion, I would say his wit was not the keen, shining, well-tempered weapon of a Sheridan, a Courtenay, or a Burke—it was rather the irresistible massy sabre of a Cossack, which, at the same time that it cut down by the sharpness of its edge, demolished by the weight of the blow.

To these qualities were added deep penetration and an incredible memory, which poured forth, in an unexhausted flow of words, the treasure of past years, which at times, like other treasures, was not without its dross. He was a storehouse of anecdote—a reservoir of good things—a living chronicle of past times.

His faults he either would not or could not conceal; they were prominent—a vitiated taste, a neglected dress, unseemly deportment, and disgusting language.

His treatment of the established clergy, who neither gave or received quarter from him, was unforgiving, and by no means liberal.

Yet, after all, let not the Courtier, the Philosopher, or Christian, be too sure, that, situated and used like Monsey, he would have acted a different part, or quitted the scene with more approbation.

It has been suggested to me by a literary friend, that the will of Dr. Monsey should be taken some notice of.

Without pointing out the uninteresting

teresting impertinence of displaying family concerns to the public eye, and diving into cabinets for domestic intelligence, it may be sufficient to observe, that he has left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about sixteen thousand pounds, to his daughter for her life, and afterwards gives it by a long and complicated entail to her *female* descendants.

He mentions a young lady with the most lavish encomiums on her wit, taste, and elegance, and bequeaths her an old battered snuff-box, scarcely worth sixpence.

He mentions another young woman, to whom he says he meant to have left a legacy; but that he has discovered her to be a pert, conceited minx, with as many affected silly airs as a foolish woman of quality, which induced him to alter his mind.

He bequeaths his body for dissection; an old velvet coat to one friend, and the buttons to another; inveighs forcibly against Bishops, Deans, and Chapters, and gives annuities to two Clergymen who had resigned their preferment on account of the Athanasian doctrine.

Extra Sporting Intelligence.

Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1802.

Easter Tuesday, April 20.

THE Oatlands' Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for all ages, Ditchin.—Those who declare forfeit before the 14th of January, pay only 10gs. forfeit.

		st.	lb.
Sorcerer	—	9	4
Cockfighter	—	9	2
Hippona	—	8	12
Slapbang	—	8	10
Rolla	—	8	10
Dick Andrews	—	8	8
Kill Devil	—	8	8
Lignum Vitæ	—	8	4
Chippenham	—	8	4
Anniseed	—	8	3
Hornby Lass	—	8	1
Surprise	—	8	1
Teddy the Grinder		8	1
Tuneful	—	8	1
Sir Sidney	—	7	12
Muley Moloch	—	7	11
Penelope	—	7	11
Lucan	—	7	10
Velvet Horn	—	7	8
Phœnix	—	7	4
Rigadoon	—	7	4
Squire Scout	—	7	3
Pacificator	—	7	3
Marianne	—	7	2
Yellow Mare filly	—	7	1
Traveller colt	—	7	0
Brother to Sir Sidney		6	12
Brother to Magic	—	6	10
Banaparte	—	6	10
Wilkes	—	6	10
Tulip filly	—	6	10
Attainment	—	6	8
Striver	—	6	6
Hospitality	—	6	6
Jack Chance	—	6	6
Pot8o's grey colt	—	6	6

The above closed on Thursday Dec. 31, and will be divided into two classes.

Catalogue of the Racing Stud,

The property of the late James Smith Barry, Esq. on Sale by Private Contract.

Stallions.

Lot 1. TRIMMER, a chesnut horse, got by Young Marske, his dam by Bay Ranger, Phantom, Black Legs Mare, the dam of Old Marske.

2. Bergamotte, a bay horse, got by Highflyer, out of Orange Girl, by Matchem.

3. Old Tat, a brown horse, got by Highflyer,

Highflyer, his dam, Plaything, by Matchem, Regulus, &c. &c.

4. Improver, a brown horse, got by Trumpator, out of Lot 9.

BROOD MARES.

5. A brown mare, got by Saltram, Matchem, Regulus, sister to the Ancaster Starling. Covered by Trimmer, and supposed to be in foal.

6. Lullaby, a bay mare, own sister to Jannette, by Mercury, Highflyer, Snap, Miss Middleton. In foal by Old Tat.

7. Maria, a bay mare, by Highflyer, her dam, Nutcracker, by Matchem, out of a sister to the Ancaster Starling. In foal Sir Peter. N. B. This mare is the dam of Lot 4.

8. Orange Bud, a bay mare, by Highflyer, her dam, Orange Girl, by Matchem, Red Rose, by Babraham, Blaze, Fox, Darley's Arabian, Merlin. In foal by Trumpator. N. B. This mare is dam of Lot 14.

9. A brown mare, own sister to Lot 9. In foal by Sir Peter.

10. Theopha, a bay mare, own sister to Lot 3. In foal by Trumpator.

THREE YEARS OLD.

11. A bay filly, got by Volunteer, out of Maria, Lot 9.

12. Orange Flower, a brown colt, by Trumpator, out of Lot 10.

TWO YEARS OLD.

13. A bay filly got by Bergamotte, her dam by Amaranthus, out of Flashing Molly.

ONE YEAR OLD.

14. A chesnut filly, got by Trimmer, out of a bagot mare.

15. A brown filly, got by Fortunio, out of Maria's sister, Lot 11.

16. A bay filly, by Volunteer, her dam, Theopha, Lot 12.

17. A brown colt, by Old Tat, his dam, Hoity Toity, Lot 6.

18 A bay colt, got by Old Tat, his dam by Amaranthus, out of Flashing Molly.

Dr. Lettsom on the Necessity of Preserving Small Birds.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

WHEN Lieut. King was governor of Norfolk Island, he found, by experience, that the island was periodically visited by a desolating insect, which consumed the tender corn and maize, and nearly produced a famine. After every other endeavour had failed, it occurred to him, that poultry would not only eat, but fatten upon insects, penned his poultry upon the cultivated lands infested by insects, and thus gradually extirpated them; by degrees he increased his domestic stock of fowls to nearly three thousand, and these, on a subsequent visit from the insects, soon cleared the soil; and it has since been preserved in the most productive condition.

Some modern writer, I think J. Weld, junior, mentions in his Travels in America, that the crops of corn suffer greatly for want of proper birds to destroy the insects which infest that continent, and proposes the transportation thither of our common crow, to effect this purpose—a bird that is deprecated here for its supposed injury to the corn, a portion of which it certainly eats, but which philosophy will sacrifice to it for the superior good it performs, by destroying those insects, which are capable of producing infinite mischief to the grain and tender blade. I think, however,

however, Professor Barton enumerates our common crow among the birds indigenous to America. This reminds me here of an observation frequently made, although perhaps erroneously, that there are fewer insects after a hard frost in this country, and that it affords a prelude to a plentiful harvest. I can suppose, from chemical knowledge, that a frost may render the earth more nutritive to the seed committed to it, but not from the destruction of insects, which may even be preserved by the frost from the access of crows and other birds, whose food they partly constitute; and an intelligent farmer assures me, that the insects I allude to, are most numerous after a severe frosty winter, as the birds are by the severity of the weather, and hardness of the soil, precluded from finding them.

I imagine that our small birds, that frequent our fruit-trees, do more good by destroying insects, than mischief to the buds or fruit. Buffon, who gives a pompous account of the salacious and impudent disposition of the sparrows, supposes, if I mistake not, that, to nurture one nest of its young, about four thousand insects or caterpillars are devoted for their food.

I am, as an individual, so well satisfied with the visits of the feathered tribe on my small premises in the vicinity of London, as not only to discourage their destruction, but in severe weather, of frost or snow, to sprinkle corn in the walks for their preservation; and it might be suggested, from the numbers and varieties that frequent these premises, that they possess some medium of conveying to each other, a sense of the security they enjoy. Some, indeed, that are rare in these parts of England, I frequently meet with. Without much water, I have the king's fisher. The diminutive and beautiful golden-headed wren is my denizen; the jay enlivens the trees, and creepers and wood-peckers climb their trunks.

J. C. Lettsom.

Grovehill, Dec. 9, 1801.

Singular and Eccentric Character.

Mr. Archer, a gentleman of about ten thousand pounds per annum, chiefly landed property in Berkshire, and partly in Essex, died some time ago, and left a very large fortune, great part of which he gave to his wife, but the bulk went to his daughters by a former marriage. Besides his house in Berkshire, he had a fine mansion on his beautiful estate of Coopersale, near Epping, in Essex. But this house had been deserted for twenty years or more, no one being allowed to reside in it. On the death of Mr. Archer, it fell to the lot of one of his daughters, who, a few weeks ago, sent a surveyor to examine the house. His report is curious. Neither the gates of the court-yard, or the doors of the mansion-house, had been opened for the period of eighteen years. The latter, by order, were covered with plates of iron. The court-yard was crowded with thistles, docks, and weeds; and the inner hall with cobwebs. The rooks and jackdaws had built their nests in the chimnies, and the solemn bird of night had taken possession of the principal drawing-room. Several of the rooms had not been opened for thirty years. The pigeons had, for the space of twenty-five years, built their nests in the library (which contained some thousand books), having made a lodgment through the means of an aperture in one of the

casements.

casements. Here they had, it is supposed, remained undisturbed for the space above-mentioned, as several loads of dung were found in the apartment. A celebrated naturalist, who was present at the opening of the house, declared he never saw cobwebs so beautiful before, or of such an amazing size. They extended the whole length of one room, from the ceiling to the ground. The wine, ales, and rum, of each of which there were large quantities, had not been touched for twenty years; they were found in fine order, particularly the port wine. The bailiff, the gardener, and his men, were expressly ordered by their late master not to remove even a weed from the gardens or grounds. The fish-ponds were untouched for many years. About a fortnight since, a gentleman having had permission to fish, caught several jacks, weighing fourteen and fifteen pounds each. All the neighbouring gentry have been to view the house and grounds, the ruinous condition of which forms a topic of general conversation.

The stile in which the late Mr. Archer travelled once a year, when he visited his estates, resembled more the pompous pageantry of the ancient Nobles of Spain, when they went to take possession of a Vice-Royalty, than that of a plain country gentleman. The following was the order of the cavalcade:—1st, The coach and six horses, with two postillions and coachman. Three out-riders. Post-chaise and four post-horses. Phaeton and four, followed by two grooms. A chaise-marine with four horses, carrying the numerous services of plate. This last was escorted by the under-butler, who had under his command three stout fellows; they formed a part of the household; all were armed with blunderbusses. Next followed the hunters with their clothes on, of scarlet, trimmed with silver, attended by the stud-grooms and huntsman. Each horse had a fox's brush tied to the front of the bridle. The rear was brought up by the pack of hounds, the whipper-in, the hack-horses, and the inferior stablemen. In the coach went the upper servants. In the chariot, Mrs. Archer; or, if she preferred a less confined view of the country, she accompanied Mr. Archer in the phaeton, who travelled in all weathers in that vehicle, wrapped up in a swansdown coat.

French Forgeries.

THE forgeries upon the Bank have lately been carried to an alarming extent: notes are executed under the base, but ingenious device of *French Emigres*, some of whom are of distinguished families. The bills are so well counterfeited, that they are scarcely discoverable but by the thinness of the paper:—One of these dexterous *Comtes* is apprehended, and having been examined before Sir Richard Ford, and Mr. Graham, is, we believe, now fully committed for trial.—His mode of circulating was not less ingenious, than that of counterfeiting these notes. One of his plans was to parade opposite the window of some elegant *impure*, into whose apartments he soon procured an introduction, from his gentlemanly figure and appearance: before he retired, he always found it necessary to procure cash for a ten pound bank-note, which *Betty*, or the *black boy*, soon got exchanged at the shop of some neighbouring tradesman: in this felicitous way, he continued to put off counterfeit notes to a considerable amount, as

no

no less than twelve of the finest women of their class in town, appeared before the magistrates with their domestics, on his last examination to give evidence against him. It is due to the French government to state, that they received the account of these forgeries with a laudable indignation.

Another Swindler of the Fair Sex.

ABOUT the beginning of this month, the examination, &c. of a person at the Marlborough-street Police Office, took place, accused of swindling two young women out of four or five guineas each.—Under pretence of marrying them, he took them, at different times, in hackney-coaches, to Furnival's Inn, where, pretending he was going to his attorney for the marriage settlements, he borrowed the above sums of them to pay the expence; but never again appeared, leaving the damsels to sigh in the coach, "Oh me! how I long to be married!"

Being again examined at Marlborough-street, several new charges were preferred against him. One lady of easy virtue stated, that she accidentally became acquainted with him in the street about two months ago; that he represented himself to her as an officer in the 16th light dragoons, possessed of a good fortune. He called frequently at her lodgings in Mary-le-bone, where he borrowed, at different times, money to the amount of eleven pounds two shillings. One day he took from her apartments a silver nutmeg-grater; and, on another occasion, a silver knife and fork. The first article she gave him; but the last he took out of her drawers, saying he would return it as soon as he had got a knife and fork made to the same pattern, as he wished to make a present of them to his sister, who was at a boarding-school, within a few miles of town. He had, previously to the getting possession of the above property, promised to take her into keeping, and said he would settle on her forty pounds a year. At the last interview, he called early in the morning, and took her in a hackney-coach to Furnival's Inn, for the purpose, as he said, to get a proper instrument drawn up for the settlement of the annuity. He then said the expence would be five pounds, which she must advance, as he was short of cash. He went into the inn, and soon returned, with a sheet of blank paper, pen, and ink, desiring her to put her name at the bottom. This the lady objected to; but, on his saying it was a prelude to the settlement of the deed, she consented, and wrote her name. The prisoner again left her to expedite the business; but she saw no more of him till he was in custody.

A person with whom the prisoner lodged some months ago, said he went away without paying his rent, leaving behind him two trunks, which he begged the Magistrates would order to be brought before them, as he was well assured they contained nothing but rubbish.

A boot-maker, and several other tradesmen, who have been defrauded by the prisoner, appeared, and identified his person. He was committed for re-examination.

The prisoner was formerly an ensign in the Lincolnshire militia. He is about five feet nine inches in height, is slight made, of a military appearance, wearing powder. He had on a blue great coat, bound with red. By the last Insolvent Act, he was liberated from the Fleet prison.

Singular Events Of the First Year of the Nineteen Century.

IN the beginning of the year 1801 several fires happened in different parts of the kingdom, insured and uninsured; and no water could be obtained until the fire had become unextinguishable. Some lives were lost; and many very prudent persons thought proper to look after their servants' fires and candles a month or two.

Sundry houses were broke open, although the watchmens' boxes stood close to the doors, and robbed of plate, bills, cash, &c. to a more considerable amount, perhaps, than the owner ever possessed, but which reduced them to a state of bankruptcy. Notwithstanding this, the same example continued to be shewn to servants as usual; and they were allowed little card-parties, and junkettings on Sunday evenings, whilst their masters and mistresses were acting the same part elsewhere, upon a larger scale.

Many guns were laid aside loaded, and were taken up, and fired off, by children and servants, in sport; and a few lives were lost.—Those who kept no guns, were very grave and sententious on the subject, and enjoyed a wide field of admonition, wisdom, and sagacity.

Several hundreds of pockets were picked, at places of public amusement; and one or two of the sufferers had the cunning to discover, that if they had left their money at home, it would not have been in danger abroad.

Several capital failures took place; and men who lived at the rate of five or six thousand a year, were discovered never to have been worth half the sum: nevertheless, tradesmens " equipages continued to blaze like meteors, and their villas to rise like exhalations."

Some Boxing Matches afforded vast amusement to the nobility and gentry who encouraged them; and were very severely censured by those who did not think that breaking ribs was sport for ladies.

Debates were sometimes extremely long; but, upon a division, the numbers appeared as if there had been no debate at all.

Many boats were overset on the Thames, and the passengers drowned, because it was necessary that they should crowd together to see a show that was not worth looking at. This afforded an awful lesson to many, who never went upon the water.

A few duels were fought by fools; the cause of dispute was a kept lady, a race-horse, or a dispute at cards.

The Watering-places suffered no diminution of visitors, notwithstanding the distresses of the times; but they were severely censured by those who never visit them.

A considerable number of gay young ladies died of consumptions in November, in consequence of their having gone half naked during the piercing winds of the preceding January.

Entertaining Observations on the Docility of Horses, Dogs, &c.

WILD horses are taken notice of by several of the ancients. Herodotus mentions white wild horses on the banks of the Hypanis, in Scythia. He likewise tells us, that in the northern part of Thrace, beyond the Danube, there were wild horses covered all over with hair, five inches in length. The wild horses in America,

rica, are the offspring of domestic horses, originally transported thither from Europe, by the Spaniards. The author of the histoty of the Buccaneers, informs us, that troops of horses, sometimes consisting of five hundred, are frequently met with in the island of St. Domingo; that, when they see a man, they all stop, and that one of their number approaches to a certain distance, blows through his nostrils, takes flight, and is instantly followed by the whole troop. He describes them as having gross heads and limbs, and long necks and ears. The inhabitants tame them with ease, and then train them to labour. In order to take them, gins of ropes are laid in the places where they are known to frequent. When caught by the neck, they soon strangle themselves, unless some person arrives in time to disentangle them. They are tied to trees by the body and limbs, and are left in that situation two days without victuals or drink. This treatment is generally sufficient to render them more tractable, and they soon become as gentle as if they had never been wild. Even when any of these horses, by accident, regain their liberty, they never resume their savage state, but know their masters, and allow themselves to be approached and retaken.

From these and similar facts, it may be concluded, that the dispositions of horses are gentle; and that they are naturally disposed to associate with man. After they are tamed, they never forsake the abodes of men. On the contrary, they are anxious to return to the stable. The sweets of habit seem to supply all they have lost by slavery. When fatigued, the mansion of repose is full of comfort. They smell it at considerable distances; can distinguish it in the midst of populous cities, and seem uniformly to prefer bondage to liberty. By some attention and address, colts are, at first, rendered tractable. When that point is gained, by different modes of management, the docility of the animal is improved, and they soon learn to perform with alacrity, the various labours assigned to them. The domestication of the horse, is perhaps the noblest acquisition from the animal world, which has ever been made by the genius, the art, and the industry of man. He is taught to partake of the dangers and fatigues of war, and seems to enjoy the glory of victory. He even seems to participate of human pleasures and amusements. He delights in the chase and the tournament, and his eyes sparkle with emulation in the course. Though bold and intrepid, however, he does not allow himself to be hurried on by a furious ardour. On proper occasions he represses his movements, and knows how to check the natural fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of his rider; always obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies, or stops, and regulates his motions solely by the will of his master.

Mr. Ray informs us, that he had seen a horse, who danced to music; who, at the command of his master, affected to be lame; who simulated death; lay motionless, with his limbs extended, and allowed himself to be dragged about till some words were pronounced, when he instantly sprung on his feet. Facts of this kind would scarcely receive credit, if so many persons were not now ac-

 quainted

quainted with the wonderful docility of the horses educated by Astley, and others. In exhibitions of this kind, the docility, and prompt obedience of the animals, deserve more admiration than the dexterous feats of the men.

Next to the horse, the dog seems to be the most docile quadruped. More ductile in his nature than most other animals, the dog not only receives instruction with rapidity, but accommodates his behaviour and deportment, to the manners and habits of those who command him. He assumes the very tone of the family in which he resides: eager at all times to please his master, or his friends, he furiously repels beggars, because he probably, from their dress, conceives them to be either thieves, or competitors for food.

Though every dog is naturally a hunter, his dexterity is highly improved by experience and instruction. The varieties of dogs, by frequent intermixtures with those of different climates, and perhaps with foxes and wolves, are so great, and their instincts so much diversified, that, even though they produce with each other, we should be apt to regard them as different species. What a difference between the natural dispositions of the shepherd's dog, the spaniel, and the greyhound? The shepherd's dog, independently of all instruction, seems to be endowed by nature with an innate attachment to the preservation of sheep and cattle. His docility is likewise so great, that he not only learns to understand the language and commands of the shepherd, and obeys them with faithfulness and alacrity, but, when at distances beyond the reach of his master's voice, he often stoops, looks back, and recognises the approbation, or disapprobation, of the shepherd, by the mere waving of his hand. He reigns at the head of a flock, and is better heard than the voice of his master. His vigilance and activity produce order, discipline, and safety. Sheep and cattle are peculiarly subjected to his management, whom he prudently conducts and generally protects. But when the flock, committed to his charge, is attacked by the fox, the wolf, or other rapacious animals, he makes a full display of his courage and sagacity. In situations of this kind, both his natural and acquired talents are exerted. Three shepherds' dogs are said to be a match for a bear, and four for a lion.

Every person knows the docility and sagacity of dogs employed in conducting blind mendicants.—Johannes Faber, as quoted by Mr. Ray, informs us, that he knew a blind beggar who was led through the streets of Rome by a middle-sized dog. This dog, besides leading his master in such a manner as to protect him from all danger, learned to distinguish not only the streets, but the houses where his master was accustomed to receive alms twice or thrice a week. Whenever the animal came to any of these streets, with which he was well acquainted, he would not leave it till a call had been made at every house where his master was usually successful in his petitions. When the beggar began to ask alms, the dog, being wearied, laid down to rest; but the master was no sooner served, or refused, than the dog rose spontaneously, and, without order or sign, proceeded to the other houses where the beggar generally received some gratuity. I observed, says he, not without pleasure and surprise, that when a piece of money was thrown from a window, such was the

the sagacity and attention of this dog, that he went about in quest of it, lifted it from the ground with his mouth, and put it into his master's hat. Even when bread was thrown down, the animal would not taste it unless he received a portion of it from the hand of his master. Without any other instruction, than imitation, a mastiff, when accidentally shut out from a house which his master frequented, uniformly rung the bell for admittance. Dogs can be taught to go to market with money, repair to a known butcher, and to carry home the meat in safety. They can be taught to dance to music, and to search for and find any thing that is lost.

The following story is told of a dog, belonging to a grocer at Edinburgh, which, for some years, amused and astonished the people in the neighbourhood:—A man, who went through the streets ringing a bell and selling penny pies, happened one day to treat this dog with a pye: the next time he heard the pye-man's bell, he ran to him with impetuosity, seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pye-man, who understood what the animal wanted, shewed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood in the street door, and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master, by many humble gestures and looks. The master put a penny in the dog's mouth, which he instantly delivered to the pye-man, and received his pye. This traffic, between the pye-man and the grocer's dog, was daily practised for years.

Among these remarkable instances of animal sagacity, may be placed Banks's famous horse, whose renown is alluded to by Shakespeare, in "Love's Labour Lost," Act I. Scene III. and by Dekker, in his "Untrussing of the Humorous Poet." It is related of this horse, that he would restore a glove to its owner, after his master had whispered the man's name in his ear; that he would tell the number of pence in any silver coin; and even perform the grosser offices of nature whenever his master bade him. He danced likewise to the sound of a pipe, and told money with his feet. Sir Walter Raleigh says, "that had Banks lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world, by the wonderful instructions which he had given to his horse."

Of the sagacity of a horse, Dr. Swift has given a strange instance. This horse, which was a native of Bristol, would stand upon his hind legs, bow to the company, and beat several marches on a drum. Sir Kenelm Digby, speaks of a baboon that played on the guitar. And we are informed of an ape that played at chess, in the presence of the King of Portugal. Various are the scientific performances of elephants. Bishop Burnet says, he saw one at Milan, that played at ball.

Instructions in the Manner of Swift,

To the Loungers of Bond-street, &c. &c.

As the town is filling very fast, and as you follow in the train of your betters, like *young beagles* at a hunt, who depend not so much on the *keenness* of their noses as the *sharpness* of their sight, the few following hints may prove useful to you *by way of memento*—you may get the Oracle of the day in which they appear, leave it on your table, and before you sally forth in the morning, throw your eyes over it:

—You

—You must in the first place observe the aspect of the weather, a thing very important, and this too in the morning before you dress; if the day seems favourable you may dress in your best, *i. e. supposing your wardrobe contained a change*. As people of your description have generally nothing to do, half a dozen, or half a score of you, may get together in the morning to breakfast, *if convenient*—*the more the merrier*—be on the fashionable pavements above alluded to about two o'clock, before there will be *no fun*, as ladies of fashion are rarely out sooner—*fashionable demireps* not till three o'clock, or after, being *engaged* late over night, and unable to extricate themselves from the arms of Morpheus and their *caro sposas*, to dress and breakfast before the hour alluded to: the streets before are only infested by milliners, apprentices with their band-boxes, hunted up and down by *lascivious old Dukes, and other debauchees*, who, being old sportsmen, know at what hour *to hunt for their game*. You may start either in St. James's-street, Pall-Mall, or Bond-street, which ever is most convenient to your lodgings—get *four of you abreast, close locked* arm in arm, three deep, to support each other in case any *sturdy porter* should be inclined to make his way through you, it will be the devil if, ten to one, you are not able to *maul him*. As to female passengers, you have *nothing to dread*; keep firm, and be sure keep the wall—the lady will most likely have her drapery and stockings splashed—look her full in the face, which will naturally create confusion on her part, and join in a loud laugh, which will afford an infinite fund of merriment to the party, until a fresh adventure presents itself. Be sure keep the step *militaire*, which will give you the air of officers in coloured clothes, and at the end of your walk (I do not mean that you should on any account pass the end of Bond-street or the Haymarket), the whole of the party may wheel sharp round one of the party as the pivot. If there are any ladies of character near, let your conversation be as *loud and indecent* as possible, alluding, in the *broadest manner*, to the fictitious gallantries and debaucheries of the last night. Should you observe at a distance any gentleman who you take not to be *one of yourselves*, instantly commence a conversation about him, talk loud enough to be heard, and endeavour to laugh him too out of countenance.—You may *peep* into every carriage as you pass, and *wink* at the ladies, but take care that there is no gentleman with them, else you run the risk of *getting your head broke*. You may take off your hat now and then to a carriage, and should the lady not salute you, you may say she is *always shy* when she observes you in company.—The frail sisterhood being your own *counterparts*, you may take every liberty with them, as they generally meet you *more than half way*.—As the days are short, you may separate about five o'clock, and go to dinner, every man *where he is most welcome*; and if you should want an invitation, or your purse *fail you*, dine with *Duke Humphrey* in the Park.

Now that a part of the troops are arrived from Egypt, you may very fairly assume the air of the officers who have been on that expedition: for instance, you may leave your face unwashed, which will give you the air of the climate alluded to; a patch over one of your eyes will warrant the idea of your having the *Egyptian blindness;* but I would caution you to beware of the unhallowed touch of

bailiffs,

bailiffs, and the *rencontre* of your trades-people, as this is rather a sharp season, and a period at which they demand their debts rather *cavalierly*. Always wear spurs, which will make you appear like a field officer, and if ever you chance to hire a hack, let it be a *grey one*; the hairs will stick in your skirts until your coat is thread-bare, and this, with a formidable pair of prickers, will give you *every appearance* of keeping a stud; and should they stick in the ladies drapery, it will give you a fair opportunity of apologizing, and it has often happened that as slight an introduction has procured a footing in the heart of the *wounded fair*. Should the female you come in contact with be one of the free and easy, she will perhaps imperiously demand reparation of the injury; and, in order to come off with a good grace on such occasions, have *an elegant purse full of counters*; offer to make her instant amends; she of course will decline it, expecting to make more of you, give you her address, and you will have a frolic for nothing: but on quitting her, assure her that you will send her a draft on your banker, who, perhaps, is as difficult to be found as the man in the moon. —Mind these hints from your friend.

Fop's Alley, Jan. 4, 1802.

MORE SPARRING, BETWEEN BUCKHORSE, THE YORKSHIRE MEN, AND OLD SOHO.

To the EDITOR *of the* MORNING POST.

SIR,

I AM of the many, who, having waited most patiently for the termination of what some time since afforded hope of pecuniary sport to the sporting world during the winter, now presume to offer a few observations, upon what was universally expected to have terminated in a great and honourable match, between the coursing amateurs of the Northern and Southern parts of the kingdom, which, on account of its novelty, and the emulation of the different parties, would have equalled, in eagerness and celebrity, any of the sporting transactions for many years past. An impartial retrospection reminds me, that in your paper appeared, repeated eulogiums upon, and pedigrees of, the favourite greyhounds of the North; to which was tacked, an oblique challenge to run "any leash of greyhounds, the property of one person;" whether this was an "*aut Cesar, aut nullus*" idea, boldly promulgated from the firm of Thornton, Topham, and Co. it is not in my province or intent to enquire or ascertain. Suffice it to recollect, it was answered in a most gentlemanlike and liberal way, perhaps by the principal Members of the Ashdown Park and Lambourn Meetings in Berkshire, or the Swaff ham in Norfolk, "that they were willing to run a match with a leash of greyhounds, the property of one person; or six brace belonging to each county, running home and home, for a sum to be agreed on." To this most equitable and sporting-like proposition, no general answer in the London Papers has ever appeared; but you having kindly relieved us from our suspence, by copying a vaunting challenge from a Provincial Paper in the North, "to run upon Flixton Wolds only," the impartial part of the sporting world may justly conclude, the great and confident Northern Confederacy, "are afraid, and therein the wiser." Neither the gentlemen

gentlemen of either Berkshire or Norfolk are to be vanquished by threats, although they may come very far North. LUCKHORSE.

A WORD AT PARTING TO OLD SOHO.

MR. EDITOR,

If the South Country Gentleman's Greyhounds run as fast as the tongue of their master, they have no occasion to fear the Flixton Wolds, which he seems to dread so much. But he has entirely mistated what has passed; I have foregone my resolution, merely for the purpose of putting him right. A *paragraph*, or *letter*, (of which I knew nothing) appeared in one of the London papers, mentioning the superiority of the Flixton Coursing, and treating that of the South "as fit only for old ladies and children." This liberty, I suppose, could not be brooked by the great Courser of the South, for I saw, some time afterwards, an invitation for any North Country Gentleman to meet and run his dogs. The "*Bobadil part*" was therefore entirely on the side of Old Soho. *It was this challenge I accepted:* and the individual who singly offers to run all the South of England, may certainly expect no easy task. But I did not mean, when a *great trial* of every excellence a greyhound could possess, was required to make a proof of it, where a bad dog might be equal to a good one. For such a trial, it was necessary to seek for—the best hares, and the best ground in Britain.—I do not deny, that on the highest and most open parts of the Wiltshire Downs, which the gentleman mentions, and which I know better than he does, a good course might be run: but unfortunately there are no hares. The Berkshire Downs, such as Ashdown Park, (where the hares are driven out of a plantation the preceding night, that they may be run into it for five or six hundred yards the following morning); such coursing cannot possibly present any amusement to those who have seen a course on the Wolds of Yorkshire. The South Country Gentleman may be assured, that such *child's play* we should think ridiculous. The very worst coursing we have, is preferable to such pastime: and that Old Soho, as well as every sportsman in England may judge, I will mention to what kind of trial I invited him over Flixton.

A hare found on a high and bare sheep-walk, three or four miles from any thing to save her; and where, trusting only to her speed and strength, she must run a course of five or six miles, perhaps, to preserve her life: a country, where every sort of ground must be run over, where no hare was ever known to be unsound; and where, exposed to the breezes of the open sea on one hand, she has to go two or three miles every day for food on the other; and therefore—always on wind for running.

On this ground, I accepted his challenge: because, on such ground, a fair trial may be obtained.

The South Country Gentleman, who has challenged all Yorkshire, now gives up the contest!!

What I, *singly*, undertook was—for the honour of my county, which I hope has not suffered in my hands. I have now only to wish the South Country Gentleman (be he who he may) all the fame he seems to want, and to hope that he may reign *sole* and *undisputed* lord over those grand coursing scenes of Brentford Butts, Enfield Wash, and Bradwell Marsh for ever. A YORKSHIREMAN.

Jan. 10, 1802.

SPORTING ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Skulked away, from a Northern County, a cross-bred, wire-haired Lurcher, of the true Flixton-Wolds breed, known to have strayed pretty far to the Southward, a few weeks back. He generally *pricks up his ears*, at any call, or whistle, but never fails to *sneak off*, whenever he is walked up to:—he is now and then given to *bark*, and *bay* in the last quarter of the Moon; but there is no bite, or harm in him whatever. He is supposed, by this time, to be *nose-ing* it back towards the Wolds, as a cur answering his description was lately frightened off Ash-down, in Berkshire, by a random shot, and afterwards whipped off Bradwell Level, in Essex, for an incorrigible *sheep-biter*: but the last time of all that he was seen, was, with a *tin-pot tied to his tail*, running in great fright due North!

No great reward will be given for *fixing* him; but the expence of penny slips will be allowed for, as he will not bear to be put in *couples*, and has a nasty, snappish trick of biting *cordage* asunder.

Information will be thankfully received by all the Printers of *Sporting Calendars*, and the Editors of the Morning and York Herald.

Jan. 13, 1802. HEBERT.

TO OLD SOHO.

WORTHY SIR,

We in these parts are tickled a good deal at the neat way in which you have dressed our *sporting pretender* off the Flixton Wolds. Not liking your *turn-tails*, we one and all disown this same Yorkshire Courser for a countryman of ours, at least; however, we have traced him out a little by his *swaggering*, and fancy him to be nothing more than a cap-in-hand kind of a deputy to a certain well-known Colonel: some, indeed, say, that it's like master, like man, as what the one says, the other must swear to. You pegged him so closely, that he has been obliged at last roundly to *plump* it, "that he knew nothing about the sneer in the papers," which was the first attack upon the credit of the South-Country Greyhounds. Now only ask his friend, the Printer of the York Herald, how much of this assertion is true? But even this would not lift the poor fellow out of the mud that he has so clumsily splashed about himself, and in which you left him still *floundering*!—The plain truth is, that he has refused to run you *home* and *home*, or in any *central county* between the two, the choice of which you handsomely left to him: we hope, therefore, to hear no more of his *coursing braggadocios*. As to our Flixton Wolds, where he slyly wanted to drag you, it is fitting you should know a little about them. The ground is various, but chiefly made up of steep and craggy ascents, upon which scarcely a dog is permitted to run but out of a *certain kennel*; indeed, except in a *well-concerted match*, and that for a *good sum*, when the strange dog, from his inexperience of the broken ground, and *what you* have rightly described the *dodge* of their well-trained hares, is sure to be beaten, though his speed and blood be even superior.

You have done our Northern corner much *good*, Master Soho, let me tell you, in stripping off this chap's *swaggering* jacket: he is what we call a *bad one*; not having *plain-dealing* enough to pass for *an honest* Yorkshire man—nor wit enough for a Yorkshire *bite*!

Your's heartily, *Gregory* GO-BY!

Scarborough, Jan. 16, 1802.

THEATRICALS.

ON December 28, a new Pantomime, called *Harlequin's Almanack*, or, *The Four Seasons*, invented by the junior Dibdin, and produced under the direction of Bologna, jun. was brought forward for the first time; the principal characters of which were thus represented:—

Harlequin	-	Mr. Bologna, jun.
Pantaloon	-	Mr. Delpini.
Clown	-	Mr. Bologna.
Booby Lover	-	Mr. L. Bologna.
Spring	-	Miss Wheatley.
Summer	-	Mr. King.
Autumn	-	Mrs. Dibdin.
Winter	-	Mr. Cory.
Peace	-	Mrs. Edwards.
Britannia	-	Mrs. St. Ledger.
Blight (an opposing fiend)	-	Mr. Klanert.
Jailor	-	Mr. Oddwell.
Black Servant		Mr. Harley.
Huntsman	-	Mr. Hill.
Greenwich Pensioners		Mr. Emery, &c.
Gardeners	-	Mess. Little, Street, &c.
Pantalina	-	Master Menage.
Columbine	-	Mrs. Wybrow.

In this Pantomime is personated the Four Seasons, who meet at the commencement of the Piece, and each throwing a specimen of its favourite produce and colour into the vase of Winter, Harlequin receives his power and being from the charm, and skips about through the usual routine of adventures and hair-breadth escapes, which particularly belong to this species of stage entertainment. Blight, the avowed enemy of all the Seasons, endeavours to counteract the views of their favourite: in this line he is often successful; but as each Season alternately takes care of Harlequin, Blight is at length destroyed by Autumn, who introduces Peace, and reconciles all parties.

In the progress of the Piece there is a great variety of splendid, charming, and picturesque scenery, imitating chiefly the prospects and effects of the different Seasons.—The Palace of Winter, by Whitmore, may be considered a *chef-d'œuvre* of perspective deception; and the representation of Winter and Summer, with the snow dissolving, and a view of Greenwich, by the same artist, are of the most excellent description.—The scenes by Hollagan are also most admirable specimens of the art. A View of the Serpentine River in Hyde Park, and at Battersea, the Pantaloon's House, a Moon-light scene, a Frozen Lake, and a Drawing-room, with the Moon shining through the window, by that artist, are not inferior in design, execution, and effect, to any scenes of a similar nature, we have ever witnessed on such an occasion. Cresswell, Morris, and others, have likewise exercised their respective talents with great success; and the last scene forms a most splendid representation of the Mansion of Peace.

The tricks and machinery are extremely well managed.—The principal of these are, the change of a piano-forte to a theatre; Harlequin's sword to a violin, and afterwards to a sickle; a sign-post to a table; two chairs to a refreshment of fruit and wine; a quart bottle to a post; a snuff-jar to a giant; a frozen bough to a serpent; a Greenwich long coach to a pair of porter's lodges and gates; a silver race-cup to a padlock and pair of handcuffs; a woolpack to a sailing-boat; Kew Garden wall, with the chalk ships on it, to a fleet at sea; a dove-house to a Cupid's car; a broom to an old witch; and a sociable to a couple of gigs.

Pieces

Pieces of this nature are not to be judged of by the ordinary rules of criticism. They seldom display any regularity of plot or construction, and are intended merely to divert, without any pretensions to mental entertainment. The present is certainly not inferior to most of the productions of the same nature we have of late years witnessed; and it derives all requisite aid from the beauty of the scenery, the ingenuity of the mechanism, and the taste and variety of the music. In the representation too, it receives all possible support. Bologna and Mrs. Wybrow never appeared to more advantage, as the representatives of Harlequin and Columbine; Delpini, and the senior Bologna, are extremely diverting, as the Pantaloon and Clown; and several of the vocal tribe contribute their exertions to render the entertainment complete. The piece was applauded throughout, and will, no doubt, prove a permanent favourite. The house was crowded in every part.

The following is a specimen of the Poetry:—

SONG,

GREENWICH PENSIONER, MR. EMERY.

A sailor I was born and bred,
My father's name was Midship Ned,
I doesn't tell a story;
And when he died, says Mam, says she,
"Suppose, my lad, you goes to sea."
Says I, "that there's all one to me,
If it's all for Britain's glory."

I larn't to splice, and reef, and clue,
To drink my grog till all was blue,
And tell a merry story;
And tho' I was'nt very big,
Aloft I'd climb, nor care a fig,
Or load a gun, or dance a jig,
And all for Britain's glory.

When I came home again, I found,
My mother, she was left aground,
I doesn't tell a story;
For she was cheated by an elf,
Who married her for father's pelf,
Then spent the cash, and hang'd himself,
And all for Britain's glory.

I fought the Spanish, French and Dutch,
You know it doesn't matter much,
To tell a tedious story;
While mother liv'd, why I kept she,
And, now I cannot go to sea,
The King, God bless him, he keeps me,
And all for Britain's glory.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

A new Tragedy, called *Alfonso, King of Castile*, written by Mr. M. G. Lewis, was performed, on Friday night, January 16, at this Theatre, for the first time.

Alfonso	-	Mr. Murray
Orsino	-	Mr. Cooke
Cæsario	-	Mr. H. Johnston
Henriquez	-	Mr. Betterton
Melchin	-	Mr. Whitfield
Father Bazil	-	Mr. Waddy
Gomez	-	Mr. Clermont
Ricardo	-	Mr. Davenport
Amelrosa	-	Mrs. H. Johnston
Ottilla	-	Mrs. Litchfield
Estella	-	Mrs. St. Leger.

The scene is laid in Burgos, the capital of Old Castile, and the plot turns chiefly upon the conspiracy of Cæsario against the King Alfonso, as well from motives of ambition, as in consequence of the persecution of his father Orsino by that monarch. Cæsario, after finding his father in a solitary cave, makes known to him the nature of his treasonable plans; but the old man, though deeply injured by the King, indignantly refuses to become an accessary in his overthrow, from a generous conviction, that although Alfonso had injured him individually, he had, by his wise and prudent government, blessed the country over which he reigned. Loyal, though enchained, he exclaims with patriotic animation,

"My sufferings! mine alone! and what am I,
"That I should weigh me 'gainst the public welfare?
"What are my wrongs against a Monarch's rights?
"What is my curse against a nation's blessings?"

Cæsario, however, pursues his favourite object; but by the discoveries made of his guilty intention by Ottilla, to whom he had made love, and who dies by his sword, as well as by the resolution of his wife Amelrosa (daughter to the King), and the exertions of Orsino, notwithstanding the conspirators succeed in springing a mine under the palace, the King is preserved, the traitors are defeated, and the piece, with much bloodshed, concludes in the complete triumph of the Monarch and his loyal associates.

Such is the outline of the fable, which the Author has enriched with much excellent language.

A chorus and *requiem*, composed by Dr. Busby, were introduced in the fourth and fifth acts. These pieces are of the most beautiful description, and produced the most happy effect.

The performers all exerted themselves greatly in support of their several parts, and to their ardent exertions the Author is in a very material degree indebted.

The Tragedy was, in many parts, very warmly applauded, and was given out for repetition with general applause.

The House was very full.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

A New After-piece, with Songs, under the title of *Urania*, written by the Hon. Mr. Spencer, was performed here on Friday evening, the 22d inst. for the first time; the principal characters of which were thus represented:—

Manfred, Prince of Colona	Mr. C. Kemble.
An Armenian	Mr. Powell.
Conrad	Mr. Holland.
Inquisitor	Mr. Mattocks.
Carlos, an Inn-Keeper	Mr. Palmer.
Pietro	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Rodrigo, a Gardener	Mr. Suett.
Urania	Miss De Camp.
Jaquelina	Mrs. Bland.

The scene is laid at Tarentum, and the fable relates chiefly to the ridiculous propensity of Manfred to the occult sciences, and his belief in ghosts. His devotion to supernatural spirits is such, that Urania, the Princess of Tarentum, assuming the character of a celestial being, succeeds in imposing, effectually, upon his credulity; and at length discovering herself to be mortal, he becomes convinced of the error of his former disposition, and they are happily united in the bands of Hymen. The father of Manfred, for the same purpose, assumes the character of an Armenian, in which disguise he continues, till the folly of his son becomes sufficiently exposed, to induce him to abandon it. There is also an under plot, consisting of a courtship between Pietro and Jaquelina; and the piece concludes in the perfect happiness of all parties.

In the construction of this little drama, the author has evinced no slight degree of skill. Several pleasing situations are produced, and the incidents, on the whole, are by no means over-strained or unnatural. The character of Manfred, the main spring of the plot, though ridiculous to the enlightened mind, is far from being drawn with features of marked hyperbole, for such beings, and such

such dispositions, exist beyond all doubt, even in the nineteenth century. If the lines of probability are in a few instances forced, it must, at least, be confessed, that in no respect is any thing presented that is calculated to offend; and even the most fastidious critic, we think, will admit, that the licence usually granted, in cases of this nature, has in no one particular been exceeded by the author. In the dialogue, there is a pleasing mixture of the serious and the comic, of the philosophic and the romantic; and the seriousness of one part is seasonably relieved by the sprightly *équivoque* of the other. The satire upon some of our modern botanical systems, and the supposed loves of the plants, is extremely neat, and produces a very happy effect; as do likewise several other passages in the course of the piece. A few of the expressions in the second act might, indeed, be omitted with advantage to the piece, particularly the allusion to the credit of bank-notes; and, with some trifling alterations, the whole may be rendered not only unexceptionable, but highly entertaining and popular. It was applauded throughout, and announced for repetition with pretty general approbation.—The performers all acquitted themselves with great ability. Powell, C. Kemble, Bannister, Palmer, Suett, Miss De Camp, and Mrs. Bland, had characters well suited to their respective talents, and greatly exerted themselves in their support.

The music is extremely pretty. It is composed partly by Kelly, and partly by the brother of the author. Two beautiful airs, sung by Mrs. Bland, and the chorus to the first act, are by the former, and all the rest are by the latter. Considering these as the productions of an amateur, they do infinite credit to his taste. Mr. Spencer, we understand, studied musical composition at Vienna, under that able master Haydn, from whose instructions he has acquired no inconsiderable knowledge of the science of sounds. The following air, set to the most charming music by Kelly, was universally encored:—

SONG.—Mrs. Bland.

Nature with swiftness arm'd the horse,
She gave the royal lion force
  His destin'd prey to seize on;
To guide the swiftness of the horse,
To tame the royal lion's force,
  She gifted man with reason!

    Poor women! what
    Was then our lot?
  Submission, truth, and duty;
    Our gifts were small,
    To balance all,
  Some God invented Beauty.

For empire Reason made a stand,
But long has Beauty's conqu'ring hand
  In due subjection kept her:
To rule the world let Reason boast,
She only fills a Viceroy's post,
  'Tis Beauty holds the sceptre!

PRECISE FORM OF A BOTANY-BAY PLAY-BILL,

As there published June 23, 1800.

For the BENEFIT of Mrs. PARRY.

By permission of his Excellency,

At the THEATRE, SYDNEY,

This Evening will be presented the Favourite Comedy of,

She Stoops to Conquer; or, The Mistakes of a Night.

Hardcastle	-	G. Hughes
Young Marlow	-	W. Smith
Hastings	-	W. Knight
Sir Cha. Marlow	-	H. Parsons
Diggory	-	J. Cox
Tony Lumpkin	-	J. White
Miss Neville	-	Mrs. Radley
Mrs. Hardcastle	-	Mrs. Barnes
Pimple	-	Mrs. Charlton; and
Miss Hardcastle	-	Mrs. Parry.

End of the Play, the Interlude of *Miss in her Teens.*

To

To which will be added, a Musical Entertainment, called,

The Devil to Pay; or, The Wives Metamorphosed.

Sir John Loverule	G. Hughes
Magician	- J. White
Jobson	- D. Parnell
Lady Loverule	- Mrs. Radley
Lucy	- Mrs. Barnes
Lettice	- Mrs. Charlton; and
Nell	- Mrs. Parry.

Boxes, 5s. Front Boxes, 3s. 6d. Pit 2s. 6d. Gallery, 1s.

Doors open at Half past Five, begin at Half past Six.

No person will be admitted without a Ticket; and it is requested that no person will attempt to smoak; or bring spirits into the Theatre.—No Money will be returned.

Tickets to be had of Serj.-Major Jamieson, D. Bevan, S. Lord, M. Kearns, Mrs. Parry, Serj. Field, S. Forster, and J. Mackey, next door to the Theatre.

More recent advices from that Settlement say, that a smart altercation had just taken place in the Green-room of their Theatre, in consequence of the *Beggar's Opera* having been given out by the Manager. It was agreed, on all hands, that the play was very *strongly* cast.—Mackheath observed, that as he had *acted*, on all occasions, like a *Gentleman* in his profession, he should have no objection to the performance of the character. *Polly* and *Lucy* remained passive—*Bagshsot* expressed some *scruples*—the rest of the gang were divided in opinion. At length, from a suggestion of *Filch*, how far the representation of the piece might tend to *wound the feelings* of both *audience* and *performers*, the matter was postponed for further consideration.

An Imperial Edict against Gaming

APPEARED lately at Venice, in consequence of the insufficiency of the existing laws. It forbids all persons, of whatever age, sex, or condition, to play at any game of hazard, such as faro, basset, or any other already known, or that may be hereafter invented, under penalty of a fine, in proportion to the ability of the criminals, from one hundred ducats up to two thousand; and, in case of inability to pay, three months imprisonment for the first offence, six months for the second, and a total privation of civil rights for the third: these privations to remain in force, till the proper officer shall certify the reformation of the person so convicted.

The masters of coffee-houses, hotels, or private lodgings, permitting gamesters to hold meetings in their houses, are also subjected to very severe punishment; and associations, for the purposes of play, even at such games as are permitted, are required to be open to the visits of Officers of Police; and, as a said further restraint, even presumptive proofs are held sufficient against them; and they are esteemed innocent only, when they have done away the presumption, by positive evidence of their innocence.

Modern 'Squireship.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THOUGH the rage of *Squirehood* is irresistible, it must be confessed, however, that this *equalizing* system is dissimilar to that of the *Jacobin*, whose ambition is to *pull down* their betters; as it is well known that our *will-be Squires* only make a modest push to *get up* to theirs! The annals of these *illustrious personages* must not be lost, or confounded, amidst the

ordinary

ordinary occurrences of hmuan life. A few of these having just reached me, I have drawn them up in a manner I conceive appropriate to the *dignity* of their subjects, and which may be adopted by you as a recording model for the annals of *modern Squirchood;* for example—

"BIRTH.—Yesterday the Lady of Stephen Spare-rib, *Esquire,* Sausage-monger, of Fetter-lane, Fleet-street, was safely delivered of a son and heir, at their country seat, near the Veterinary College, at Pancras Wash: the lovely infant, and his amiable and accomplished mother, are both as well as can be expected!"

"MARRIED.—On Thursday last, not before, at St. Giles's in the Fields, Benjamin Treacle, *Esquire,* Wholesale Gingerbread-baker, of Bunhill-Row, to Miss Penelope Pimple, youngest daughter of Cornelius Pimple, *Esquire,* of the Cold Cream Warehouse, Milk-street, Cheapside: after the ceremony was performed, the happy pair set off in one of the six-wheel stages, for their blissful retreat near Peckham Gap—where, it is said, they mean to pass their honey-moon!"

"DIED.—In the 34th year of his age, universally lamented by all who had the honour of his sociable acquaintance, Alexander Fustian, *Esquire,* Master Tailor, of Bandy-leg-walk: a perfectly upright man, whose thread of life was too untimely cut in twain!—His remains, after lying in state, will be conveyed on Sunday next to St. Katherine Crees, Aldgate, in order to be interred with due solemnity in the family vault of his ancestors!"

The above, I think, mnst be allowed, Gentlemen, to be the true style in which such events ought to be enregistered; but you will hear from me on this national subject—*iterum—iterumque!*

Your's, &c. GEORGE GENT.

Jan. 12, 1800.

AN ECCENTRIC EPISTLE

From Dr. Walker, the *Vaccine Inoculator,* has been tranmsitted from Malta, by one of the Doctor's acquaintance.

"*To Friends Pemberton, Hewitt, and Gibson.*

"Health and Peace be multiplied unto you,

"INASMUCH as I intend to sojourn for a while in the land of *Judea,* and have already a companion to go with me thither, who is an inhabitant of *Bethlehem Judah,* I turn to you to request that ye will commit to remembrance that any letters sent for me to that ship of the King, which is by interpretation the *Thunderer,* and whose sign is the *Eagle of Jupiter,* will be likely to reach me in whatever part of my journeyings I may be.

"The letters I sent to Joseph, were directed to the care of him who commanded this ship, and may yet be in her keeping; if so, it will be pleasant unto her, if ye call on her, and take them unto your care. Farewell.

"Written at *Rosetta,* on the eighteenth day of the sixth month, in the forty-first year of the King, when his armies came from afar, from the East and from the West, and encompassed *Cairo* about altogether with the armies of the *Arabians,* and the *Egyptians,* and the *Syrians,* and those that dwell in the land round about the *Hellespont,* and in the isle thereof from the river, even to the going down of the sun in the *Adriatick*—and, behold! the fall of the

the city!—will it not be shortly written in the Chronicles of the King? and all the world shall hear the report thereof.

"To the Lieutenants Pemberton or Hewitt, or Benj. Gibson, La Valette."

☞ This letter was written during the time Cairo was invested by the English.

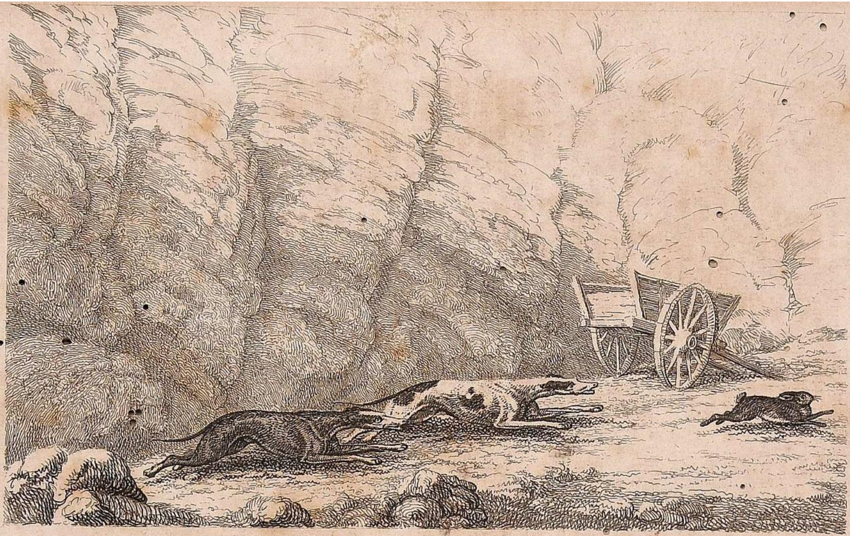
A Tragi-Comic, and Rather Scenic Incident Occurred

IN New Bond-street, on Saturday afternoon, the 9th of January, which was fortunately attended by no serious consequences.—About half after four o'clock in the afternoon, a chariot belonging to Mr. Johnstone, M. P. of Hanover-square, stopped opposite the door of the furniture warehouse; when the coachman imprudently getting off his box, and leaving the horses, the animals set off on a full gallop down Bond-street. Near the corner of Little Brook-street they encountered the chariot of Mrs. Peacock, of Portman-square, who was in it with another lady. The concussion was so violent as to overturn the chariot of Mrs. Peacock; both pole and springs were broken by the fall. The ladies fell with their heads through the window next the ground. Happily the horses did not move during the accident, for if they had, both the ladies must have inevitably been killed. Several gentlemen assisted to get them from their perilous situation, which was accomplished without much difficulty, and they escaped without the least personal injury. The coachman was thrown from his box, but not hurt. After overturning Mrs. Peacock's carriage, the horses of Mr. Johnstone proceeded furiously down the street; about twenty yards further they drove against the carriage of Mrs. Oriell, of Park-lane, who was in it with her daughter. Mrs. Oriell's, being a family coach, was too strong to be easily overturned; the result was, that the pole and springs of Mr. Johnstone's chariot gave way, and the splinter bar likewise breaking, the horses were loosened from the carriage, and proceeded in their career a few paces further, but without doing more mischief. They were stopped by the servants of a neighbouring stable-keeper. Mrs. Oriell and her daughter were much alarmed; but neither they, nor any other person, were hurt by the accident. Mrs. Johnstone's carriage was greatly damaged.

Coursing Adventure.

[*An Etching by Mr.* Howitt.]

ON the last day of December, 1801, as Mr. Robinson, and two other gentlemen, were coursing with a brace of greyhounds, in Surry, between Croydon and Sutton, the dogs so pressed a hare they had put up, that she was forced to leap a precipice of not less than sixty feet, into a chalk pit, and was followed by the dogs. Nothing short of death to both hare and greyhounds was expected; but, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it, none of them were hurt, nor was the course impeded, as the hare, after getting out of the pit, by a cart road, was followed by the dogs, and though turned several times by them, at length made her escape.



Coursing Adventure.

Pub. Feb. 1. 1802, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE FEAST OF WIT; *or*, SPORTSMAN'*s* HALL.

THE Marquis of Granby having worn out his old blue regimentals, in the service of a publican, over his door at Alport, Derbyshire, the veteran Colonel of the Blues has lately been presented with a new scarlet suit.—Perhaps mine host thought that he and his patron might thrive as well as others have done, by changing their *colours.**

A young gentleman waited lately on a distinguished official character, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, to mention, that he was ambitious of getting into place. "Have you *money* or *merit* ?" asked the latter—"Plenty of both," replied the spark—"That is impossible, young Sir; *merit* always dwells with *modesty.*"

Bon-Mot.—The witty Lord ——, who has a son, one of the greatest coxcombs in London, caught him lately admiring himself at his toilet. "*Jack,*" said the nobleman, "you are very fond of yourself."—"Yes, Sir, as the ladies think me an *Adonis*, I must take care of my person."—"Well, my boy," rejoined his father, "your *self*-admiration has one advantage at least—it has *no rival.*"

A gentleman, who, by his extravagancies, has rendered himself unable to pay his debts, called lately on an uncle, who is a wine-merchant in the city, to order six dozen of Madeira. "Nephew," said the latter, "I'll make you a present of three dozen."—"Gad, uncle, you are very generous!"—"Rather call me prudent," replied the merchant, "as I *save three dozen* by *not selling you six.*"—The sarcasm was a home one; may it work a reformation!

A gentleman, soured from disappointments in life, and continually railing against the iniquity of mankind, exclaimed lately, "that he constantly experienced knavery and imposture."—"Then, Sir," cried a cynical character, "you certainly *keep very bad company.*"

Anecdote.—"Who is that little man?" said a King of France to the Duke of Montmorency. "Sire," answered the Duke, "That little man, by means of a little book, has done what your Majesty could not do with thirty thousand men—he has compelled the *Pope* to demand a Peace."—The little man was the celebrated lawyer Dumoulin.

An eminent physician, who is equally the disciple of Plutus and Esculapius, and very remarkable for continuing his visits to his rich patients after he has turned their disorders out of doors, attended a lady of some celebrity in the world of wit for three months after her recovery, and regularly staid with her till he received his *dismissing fee*, of two guineas. Weary of his expensive *devoirs*, and concluding that,

* Blue and Buff; also, the old colours of the old opposition party, which the D. of P—— and his old friends so honourably *deserted.*

that, to lessen the fee would be to lose the visitor, she ventured to give him four guineas at the conclusion of his next call. He looked anxiously in his hand, then on the carpet, and stood some time in evident embarrassment. "Have you lost any thing?" enquired the lady very kindly—"Why, Madam, I thought I had *dropped a guinea.*" "It is only a mistake in the person, Sir, rejoined the fair patient, "It is I have *dropped the guinea.*" The Doctor, of course, *dropped his visits.*

"What is your name?" said a magistrate lately to a witness. "Sir," answered the deponent, "my name is Bat; but they call me, for brevity sake, Bartholomew."

An Eye to Business.—A gentleman travelling post last week to town, being informed by the hostler that there were two roads, asked the landlord which was the shortest way?—"A post-chaise and four, your honour."

Retort pointed.—"Well, old Quidnunc (says a young mercantile Buck, who keeps a brace of nags and a mistress) how will you employ your time, now that Peace deprives you of your favourite amusement of reading Extraordinary Gazettes of bloody battles?" "Why, in reading what will not be extraordinary in Gazettes—the WHEREAS's of such dashing young tradesmen as yourself."

When Gen. Bonaparte was in the camp at Dijon, a person asked him if it was true that his health would not allow him to follow the army? "What do you call following the army?" replied the General; "I never followed the army; I always marched at the head of it?"

Dramatic Anecdote.—At the rehearsals of Irene, which Voltaire always attended, he begged Madame Vestris to repeat a couplet, which he thought not well delivered. Vestris did so two or three times successively; but Voltaire was not pleased. At last a great Lord, who was present, said, "Indeed you teaze Madame; and I think she has delivered the passage very well."—"It may be very well for a Duke," replied the Wit, "but it is not very well for me."

Bon Mot.—Puerile.—A gentleman who dined some days since with a friend, was amusing himself in conversation with a fine boy of six years old, of whom, amongst a number of other questions, he asked, turning to one of the pointers—"Well, Sir, and pray what is that dog's name?"—"Fox, Sir," answered the little fellow. "Very well, Sir," rejoined the querist; "and what's the other's name? Pitt, I suppose?"—"Sir," replied the child, with a very stern look, "if you call the dog such names, he'll fly at you."

Among the many examinations of Surgeons now taking place, the following is worthy attention:—It is well known, that the veterans of that respectable class question very minutely those who wish to become qualified. After answering very satisfactorily to the numerous enquiries made, a young gentleman was asked, if he wished to give his patient a profuse perspiration, what he would prescribe? He mentioned many diaphoretic medicines in case the first failed, and had some hopes that he should pass with credit; but the unmerciful questioner thus continued—"Pray Sir, suppose none of those succeeded, what step would you take next?" "Why, Sir," rejoined the enranged and harassed young Esculapius, "I would send him here to be examined, and if that would not give him a sweat, I do not know what would."

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

TO the great regret of the sporting gentlemen in the vicinity of Windsor, Sunning-hill, and the Forest, it is understood his Majesty has declined engaging this season in the fatigue of hunting with the stag-hounds, not only in consequence of the length and uncertainty of the chase, but the very great distance his Majesty had frequently to return at its termination. Although this change in sporting politics may seriously affect the few, we are disposed to believe there is not a loyal subject in the kingdom, who will not feel pleasure at any circumstance by which the safety of our Sovereign is additionally insured.

The Parisian bucks excel our fashionable *runners* and *walkers* in their taste for *laborious pleasures.* Some of these *merveilleux* lately swam across the Seine, notwithstanding the rapidity of its swollen current, and the severity of the cold. It is needless to add, that they reached the opposite bank more dead than alive. They were supposed to have undertaken the task for a considerable wager, but they have formerly contradicted the assertion, and declare they did it *for pleasure.*

Walking Match.—A gentleman of Glasgow lately undertook, for a considerable wager, to walk forty miles in nine hours and a half, which he won with ease, in sixteen minutes within the time allowed. The place upon which he walked was under the shade of the Glasgow rope-walk, where one-eighth part of a mile was measured off. Considerable bets were depending on the occasion.

The game laws are sought to be pushed to such an extent, as to enable gentlemen to claim *a property in wild fowl.* A Mr. Fleming, of North Hants, threatens with a prosecution any person, who shall destroy any of this " his *winged inheritance.*"

At a late sporting party at the Earl of Cholmondeley's, at Houghton, the Duke of Bedford, Lord John Thynne, and Lord Paget, were the principal shots, whose guns, in the course of six days, jointly brought in

Hares -	165
Pheasants	45
Partridges	2
	212 heads of game,

besides a brace of Woodcocks, and five Rabbits.

Sporting Anecdote.—One of the French Princes was a few days since shooting at Mr. Coke's, at Holkham, while looking the coveys, a foreign servant cried out *poule* (hen) as is customary, whenever a hen pheasant rose. On the gamekeeper's return at night, Mr. Coke asked what sort of a shot the Prince was? to which the man replied, " I thought, Sir, you had been the best shot in the world, till I saw his Highness, who beats you; for if he had pulled as often

 as

as the French fellow desired him, he would have shot all the pheasants on your honour's estate."

A few weeks since upwards of six hundred starlings were caught in one night, in the dove-house of Mr. Hamshar, of Rottingdean.

There are at this time in the roof of Storrington-church, two nestling owls, nearly fledged, which we state on the anthority of two very respectable gentlemen of Storrington, as a remarkable fact, at this rigorous season of the year.

A Mr. Pratt, of Suffolk, who has been in Egypt, has produced a hatch of sixty-seven chickens, without the eggs being sat upon by hens. The method he used was the same as that pursued in Egypt, by moderate heat. The little animals are now three weeks old, healthy, and by preserving a proper temperature of heat, seem not to thrive the less for being motherless.

Strength of Imagination.—One of the late French Papers gives a very strong instance of the power of imagination. A person who was extremely fond of dogs, was recently playing with a small one, and was slightly bit by him in the nose. He thought nothing of it for some time, but happening to be in company with some persons who were speaking of the dreadful effects of the bite of mad dogs, he was struck with terror, and immediately caused his little favourite to be killed. But the idea had so completely got possession of his senses, that he died in a state of delirium. A child of his, who was bitten by the same dog, is perfectly well, because he apprehended no danger.

A gentleman on the turf, said to be very niggardly in his douceurs to his riders, is reported to have received a whisper of the reason why he never wins a plate, although he is known to have excellent racers, namely, that his jockeys get double by losing what they would gain by winning.

A fellow lately taken up for stealing a horse, assured the magistrate he only meant to buy him. "How is that, fellow?" exclaimed the Justice.—"Why, please your Worship," answered the thief, "if you steal a horse, the owner publishes him in the papers with a true description of all his marks, faults, and blemishes; but if you buy the horse in the first instance, he is sure to be represented as a model of perfection.

A trotting match was performed on the 7th instant, on the Hatfield-road, Essex, between two horses, the property of two butchers; the one of Danbury, and the other of Purleigh. Much jockeyship was displayed during this trial of speed, between the two animals; but the old adage, that an ounce of *blood* was equal to a pound of *bone*, was, in consequence of the ice, totally reversed, and the Danbury butcher won the bet of five guineas. The distance of six miles was performed in about twenty minutes.

On the 1st instant died, at Aldborough, near Boroughbridge, aged twenty-five years, the celebrated and favourite brood-mare, Miss West, the dam of Stargazer, Telescope, Microscope, Huby, Skypeeper, Ann of the Forest, Circassian, Roseberry, Telegraph, Honeycomb, Allspice, and Quiz, whose ancestors were, Match'em, Regulus, Crab, Childers, and Basto.

A hawk, which had been observed by the neighbours to have nested for the last fifteen years near the roof of Westminster Abbey, was shot a few days ago by one of the Westminster scholars.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ. POET-LAUREAT.

LO, from BELLONA's crimson Car,
At length the panting Steeds unbound;
At length the Thunder of the War
In festive shouts of Peace is drown'd;
Yet, as around her Monarch's brow
BRITANNIA twines the Olive Bough,
Bold as her Eagle-eye is cast
On hours of recent Tempest past;
Through the rude wave and adverse gale,
When free she spread her daring sail,
Immortal GLORY's radiant form
Her guiding Load-star through the storm;
Directed by whose golden ray
Through rocks and shoals she kept her steady way—
"My Sons," she cries, "can Honour's Guerdon claim,
"Unsoil'd my parent worth, unstain'd their Sov'reign's fame?"

ALBION! though oft by dread alarms
Thy native Valour has been tried,
Ne'er did the lustre of thy Arms
Shine forth with more refulgent pride
Than when, while EUROPE's Sons, dismay'd,
Shrunk recreant from thy mighty aid,
Alone, unfriended, firm, you stood,
A barrier 'gainst the foaming flood!
When mild and soft the silken breeze
Blows gently o'er the ripling seas,
The Pinnace then may lightly sweep
With painted oar the Halcyon Deep;
But, when the howling Whirlwinds rise,
When Mountain Billows threat the skies,
With ribs of Oak the Bark must brave
The inroad of the furious wave—
The hardy crew must to the raging wind
Oppose the sinewy arm, the unconquerable mind.

In ev'ry clime where Ocean roars
High though thy Naval Banners flew,
From where, by Hyperborean shores,
The frozen gale ungenial blew,
To sultry Lands that Indian surges laye,
Atlantic Isles, and fam'd Canopa's Wave;
Though from insulted Egypt's Coast
Thy Armies swept the Victor Host,
From veteran bonds, where British Valour won
The lofty walls of Ammon's godlike Son;
Useless the danger and the toil
To free each self-devoted soil,
Auxiliar legions from thy side
Recede, to swell the Gallic Conqu'ror's pride,
While on Marengo's fatal plain,
Faithful to Honour's tie, brave AUSTRIA bleeds in vain!

Not fir'd by fierce AMBITION's flame
Did ALBION's Monarch urge his Car
Impetuous through the bleeding ranks of War;
To succour and protect, his noble aim;
His Guardian Arm, while each Hesperian Vale,
While LUSITANIA's vine-clad Mountains hail,
Their ancient Rights and Laws restor'd,
The Royal Patriot sheathes th' avenging Sword;
By Heav'n-born CONCORD led, while PLENTY smiles,
And sheds her Bounties wide to bless the SISTER ISLES.

CAMPA-

CAMPANALOGIA; A POEM, IN PRAISE OF RINGING.

YE sacred Nine! assist a daring bard,
Who scorns the vulgar hackney'd road to fame
Parnassian—One who aims, elate with hope
Adventurous, to reach your sweet abodes
Through paths, which poet never trod before;
Oh! harmonize my numbers, while I sing
The art of Ringing. Let the measure sound,
Tuneful as is my theme, nor think it aught,
Ignoble, insignificant. For health
This exercise awaits—and hence the nerves
Brace into strength—Hence too the life-blood rolls
In sprightlier torrents through the swelling veins,
And ev'ry manly muscle looks robust;
Such as distended great Alcide's arms.
To you, my countrymen! I strike the lyre,
Ye Britons! who delight to ring the change
Of bells melodious. Smile! ah! smile applause,
Ye festive sons of music. Attend my song,
And let the sentiment supply the rhime.
Critics! to your good-nature much I owe.
But should your taste this barren choice condemn,
I shall not weep————
Nor let my tongue speak aught in your dispraise.
Enough for me, if those for whom I breathe
The voluntary pipe, applaud the lay.

First, the youths try one single bell to sound,
For to perfection who can hope to rise,
Or climb the steep of science, but the man,
Who builds on steady principles alone,
And method regular! Not he who aims
To plunge at once into the midst of art,
Self-confident and vain. Amaz'd he stands
Confounded and perplex'd, to find he knows
Least, when he thinks himself the most expert.
As well the school-boy might assume the stile
Of rhetoricians, and as well declaim
In British periods, whom his tutor taught
Beginning at the alphabet's extreme.
In order due to rounds they next proceed,
And each attunes numerical in turn;
Adepts in this, on three bells they essay
Their infant skill. Complete in this, they try
Their strength on four, and musically bold
Full four-and-twenty changes they repeat.
Next, as in practice gradual they advance,
Ascending five, they ring a peal
Of grandsires, pleasing to a tuneful soul.
On they proceed to six. What various peals,
Join'd with plain Bobs, loud echo thro' the air,
While ev'ry ear drinks in th' harmonic sound!
With grandsire tripples then the steeple shakes,
On seven with tenor behind. From eight alone
The musical bob-major next is heard.
Caters, with tenor behind, on nine they ring,
On ten bobs-royal—from eleven, cinques
Accompanied with tenor, forth they pour
And the box-maximus results from twelve.

These are the rules, on which depends the art,
But yet from these, far other peals are heard
Of infinite variety. Suffice,
The chief are mentioned. Endless were the task,
To record and enumerate the whole.
To you, ye seniors! I submit, pleas'd most
To stand corrected there, where most I err.

Hail to thee, Geary!* tho' expert of skill,
In matters naval—tho' the azure deep
Thou know'st—tho' navigation has disclos'd
Her stores to thee, and pregnated thy mind
With useful knowledge! yet, did'st thou vouchsafe
To patronize this manly British art.

Nor Blackwell!† thou, not least, altho' the last,
In silence be forgotten. At thy fame
Detraction lays her finger on her lip.
Tho' sullen, yet convinc'd, and (truth to tell)
Envy herself to admiration turns.

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* The late Admiral Francis Geary, Esq. who commanded the Grand Fleet about the year 1780, and when at the age of seventeen, rang with the Society of College Youths, in the first peal of *twelve in*, which was performed at St. Bride's, about the year 1730.

† Samuel Blackwell, Esq. of Gloucestershire, and late Member of Parliament for Cirencester, in that county.

But,

But, Hardham!* shall my young good-natured muse
Be silent in thy praise! No, she applauds
Thy strict sincerity of mind, and deigns
To call thee, no mean patron of this art.
Nor may'st thou blush to own it, since thy soul
With *milk of human kindness* is replete,
And truth and open honesty are thine.
Long may'st thou live, accompanied with health,
The sweetest, comeliest progeny of Jove!
Without whose presence, all that meets the eye,
Wears an unpleasing aspect, and the hand
Of wealth devolves her golden tide in vain.

Be others pleas'd with trifling gew-gaw sights
Unmeaning—but, let me behold a band
Selected, and of twelve compos'd, with arms
Ascending, and descending, stand, while health
Sits wreathing roses on their damask cheek,
And jocund pleasures sits dancing in their eyes;
While ev'ry bell strikes true, and not a note
Of jarring discord hurts attention's ear.

Toe-racking gout! be gone—with limping foot
Hobble on other ground. To man of ease
Who sits in pamper'd state in elbow chair
Thy steps direct. He shall support thee long,
And wrap thee in the flannel's warmest coat.

Bells! what can equal! Is not public joy
By them demonstrated, when gales benign,
Waft o'er victorious news—when British forces
Pours their dread thunder o'er th' ensanguin'd field,
Scattering the Gallic host; while all dismay'd,
Their leaders own them victors of the day.

These too, the sacred nuptial tie proclaim,
And ev'ry sound, and ev'ry varied peal,
Call smiles of transport from the happy pair.
Can none remember—yes, I'm sure—some must
When gracious Charlotte, prime of all her sex,
The Queen of rare accomplishment arriv'd,
How ev'ry bell divulg'd it thro' the isle,
And every steeple nodded high applause.

These in most climes, but most in British land,
Tell to the travelling winds their monarch's birth.

Oft as the annual blessed day returns
For thee, oh George! superior they aspire,
And bid the nation triumph at thy name.
Ev'n Grief lifts up her melancholy head,
Wipes from her face the slow descending tear,
And for a day grows convert unto mirth.

Go! view the rural region, where the blush
Of innocence is seen; where health imprints
Her kisses on the cheek. Soon as the peal
By rustics rung, each virgin's ear salutes,
How blithe her eye! how sprightly is her mien!
And ev'ry stripling gambols with delight.
Ev'n infants, hanging at their mother's breast,
Quit the sweet nutriment, their pleasure smile
Ineffable, clench hard their little hands,
And seem convuls'd with agonies of joy.
Echo, coy nymph, who loves to dwell unseen,
Unrivall'd mistress of uncounted sounds,
Dear memory's sister twin, her voice exalts
Mellifluous, and ever fond to learn,
Repeats distinct the bold harmonious tones.

Nor you, ye social spirits! let me pass
Unnotic'd, who, around the festive board,
With hand-bells charm the minutes. Tho' ye shine
In miniature, not less ye merit praise.
Indulge your honest joy. By turns regale
Your cheerful hearts, with nectar from the wine,
But let sobriety present the glass.
Your's, is the tie of friendship. Your's, the bond
Till death indissoluble. Long in mirth
May ye survive, and bid old Care good night.
And if the Muse can prophecy with truth,
Your names shall flourish, longer than the verse
Of him, who aims to register your praise.
Far better thus to close the mirthful eve,
If scandal be away, and mad excess
That drowns the struggling soul. Far better thus,
Than at one fatal cast to sink your fame
And substance to perdition, or to tire
Your constitution in the harlot's arms.
Now, rise accordant. Pull the pendant [ropes,
Bid ev'ry bell strike true. The noble touch
Rouses

* Late an eminent Tobacconist and Snuffman, in Fleet-street.

Rouses the lethargy, that clogs my mind,
And prompts me on to action. Swell my heart
And dance without controul! for sweeter far
These lofty sounds, than those dead, languid airs,
That tremble on an instrument of wire!
As far superior as th' expressive notes
Of Incledon are to the eunuch's trill.
Britons! arise, resume the reigns of taste,
And let the natives of your isle receive
Your amplest tribute of deserv'd applause;
For whilst 'tis yours to boast an Arne or Boyce
No skill is wanting from a foreign land.

JAN. 6. J. J. B.

THE ROYAL STAG HUNT.
A NEW SONG.

HARK away! the loud horn calls—To Windsor repair!
What a splendid appearance of Royalists there!
Not vulgar the game, nor the sportsmen plebæan,
For the stag and great Cæsar unite in our pæan.

See yonder, with generous order he flies,
Fancy stretches her wings, and the enemy dies;
Like an arrow he seems from the bow of Apollo,
And distances all who respectfully follow.

Now speeds the arch forester, swelling with pride,
And fearless encounters the clamorous tide;
While it foams he increases, he laughs at its roar,
And rears his warm crest on the opposite shore.

Great souls hither bend, and ye small ones retire,
For our theme is sublimed with poetical fire;
How, indeed, should the Muse give her Pegasus breath
When the monarch thus pants to be in at the death?

THE TENCH OF THORNVILLE-HOUSE—A TRUE STORY!!!

O' The marvellous,
At Thornville-House!
We read of feats in plenty,
Where with *long bow*
They hit, I trow,
Full nineteen shots in twenty!

Their fame to fix,
'Midst other tricks,
In which they so delight, Sir,
These blades, pray know,
The *hatchet throw*
Till it is out of sight, Sir!

Of beast or bird,
Enough we've heard,
By *cracks* as loud as thunder;
So now they dish
A monster *Fish*,
For those who *bite at wonders*!

The scullion wench
Did catch a *Tench*,
Fatter than Berkshire hogs, Sir,
Which, pretty soul,
Had made his hole
Snug shelter'd by some logs, Sir!

Sans *water* he
Had liv'd, d'ye see,
Beneath those roots of wood, Sir,
And there, alack,
Flat on his back,
Had lain since Noah's flood, Sir!

Now he's in stew,
For public *goût*,
And fed with lettuce-cosse, Sir;
In hopes the Town
Will gulp him down,
With good *humbugging* sauce, Sir!

THE DRUNKARD's PROGRESS.

AT noon I rose and scratch'd my head,
Resolv'd to dine with Tom and Ned,
So took a coach at four to join
Those gen'rous friends to sparkling wine;
At five the dinner smoaking hot,
But little appetite *I'd* got,
And hardly would my jaws unfix
Till very nearly half past six;
At seven quick the bumpers past,
And I my spirits got at last.
What torrents of inspiring wine
Salute the hours of eight and nine!
At ten our wigs to *fire* were given,
Meme chose our coats just past eleven.
At twelve there wan't a soul quite able
To sit—but lay beneath the table;
And like enough but I, at one,
Was carry'd off as dead as stone:
All night quite burning sick and mazy,
And in the morning—damme! crazy!

Clodhopping Farm, Jan. 1, 1802.